

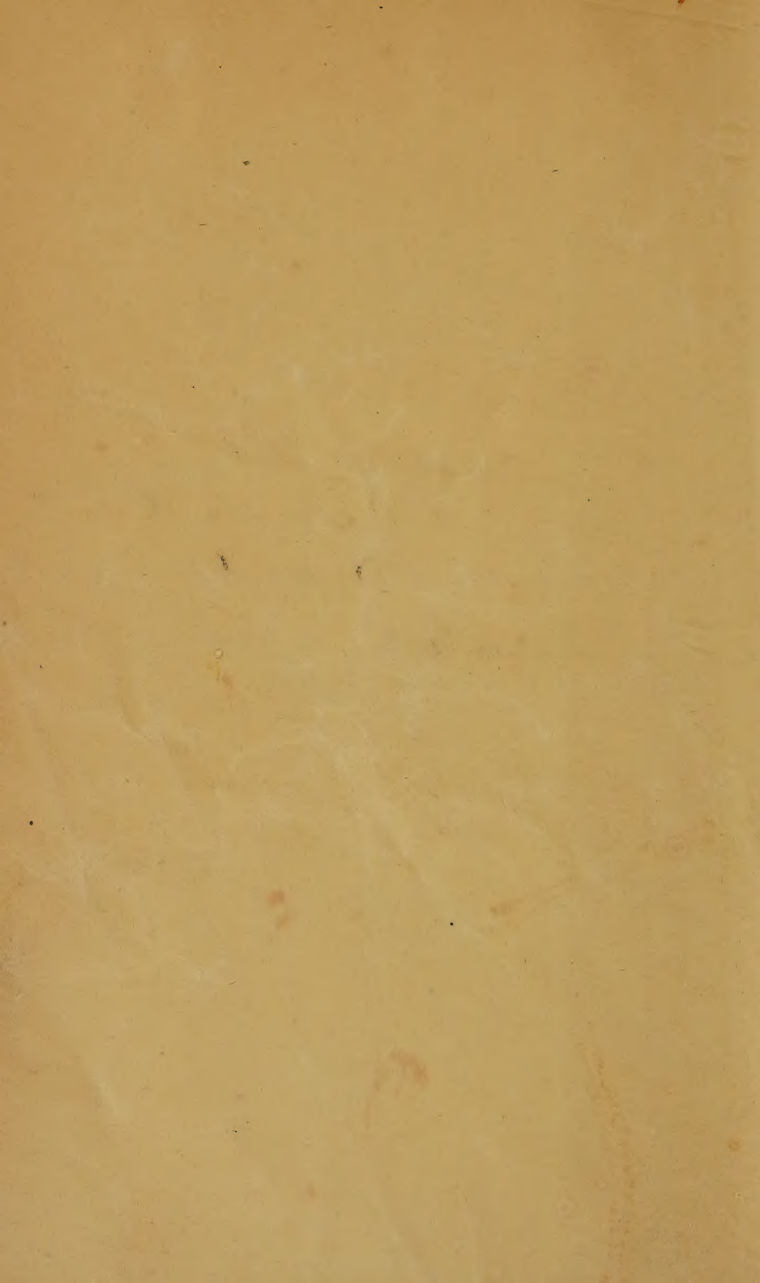
Presented To

Miss Emma F. Curtis

By her Grandma King

Jamesville Sept. 12th 1854.

Maria A. Pearce



THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

THE

LADY OF THE LAKE,

AND

VISION OF DON RODERICK

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

A New Edition.

BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SAMPSON, AND COMPANY.

1856.

CHILDREN'S ROOM
J. REFERENCE

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GIFT

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

CANTO FIRST.

THE CHASE.

HARP of the North! that mouldering long hast hung
On the witch-elm that shades Saint Fillan's spring
And down the fitful breeze thy numbers flung,
Till envious ivy did around thee cling,
Muffling with verdant ringlet every string —
Oh minstrel Harp! still must thine accents sleep?
Mid rustling leaves and fountains murmuring,
Still must thy sweeter sounds their silence keep,
Nor bid a warrior smile, nor teach a maid to weep?

Not thus, in ancient days of Caledon,
Was thy voice mute amid the festal crowd,
When lay of hopeless love, or glory won,
Aroused the fearful, or subdued the proud.
At each according pause, was heard aloud
Thine ardent symphony sublime and high!
Fair dames and crested chiefs attention bowed.
For still the burthen of thy minstrelsy
Was Knighthood's dauntless deed, and Beauty's match-
less eye.

Oh wake once more ! how rude soe'er the hand
That ventures o'er thy magic maze to stray ;
Oh wake once more ! though scarce my skill command
Some feeble echoing of thine earlier lay ;
Though harsh and faint, and soon to die away,
And all unworthy of thy nobler strain,
Yet if one heart throb higher at its sway,
The wizard note has not been touched in vain.
Then silent be no more ! Enchantress, wake again.

The stag at eve had drunk his fill,
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Benvoirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way,
And faint, from farther distance borne,
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.

As chief who hears his warder call
"To arms ! the foemen storm the wall !"
The antlered monarch of the waste
Sprang from his heathery couch in haste.
But, ere his fleet career he took,
The dew-drops from his flanks he shook
Like crested leader proud and high,
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;
A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,
A moment listened to the cry,
That thickened as the chase drew nigh

Then, as the headmost foes appeared,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack —
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;
To many a mingled sound at once
The awakened mountain gave response.
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,
Clattered an hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rang out,
An hundred voices joined the shout.
With hark, and whoop, and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew.
Far from the tumult fled the roe,
Close in her covert cowered the doe,
The falcon, from her cairn on high,
Cast on the rou a wondering eye,
Till far beyond her piercing ken,
The hurricane had swept the glen.
Faint, and more faint, its failing din
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,
And silence settled, wide and still,
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

• Less loud the sounds of sylvan wa,
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,
And roused the cavern where 'tis told
A giant made his den of old;
For ere that steep ascent was won,
High in the pathway hung the sun,
And many a gallant, stayed perforce,
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse

And of the trackers of the deer
 Scarce half the lessening pack was near,
 So shrewdly, on the mountain side,
 Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble Stag was pausing now
 Upon the mountain's southern brow,
 Where broad extended far beneath,
 The varied realms of fair Menteith.
 With anxious eye he wandered o'er
 Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
 And pondered refuge from his toil,
 By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.
 But nearer was the copsewood gray
 That waved and wept on Loch-Achray,
 And mingled with the pine-trees blue
 On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue.
 Fresh vigor with the hope returned —
 With flying foot the heath he spurned,
 Held westward with unwearied race,
 And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,
 As swept the hunt through Cambus-more.
 What reins were tightened in despair,
 When rose Benledi's ridge in air; M
 Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,
 Who shunned to stem the flooded Tietu —
 For twice, that day, from shore to shore.
 The gallant Stag swam stoutly o'er
 Few were the stragglers, following far,
 That reached the lake of Vennachan,
 And when the Brig of Turk was won,
 The headmost Horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,
That horseman plied the scourge and steel,
For, jaded now, and spent with toil,
Embossed with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sobs he drew,
The laboring Stag strained full in view.
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,
Fast on his flying traces came,
And all but won that desperate game;
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,
Vindictive toiled the bloodhounds staunch:
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,
Nor farther might the quarry strain,
Thus up the margin of the lake,
Between the precipice and brake,
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The hunter marked that mountain high,
The lone lake's western boundary,
And deemed the Stag must turn to bay,
Where that huge rampart barred the way
Already glorying in the prize,
Measured his antlers with his eyes;
For the death-wound, and death-halloo,
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew;
But, thundering as he came prepared,
With ready arm and weapon bared,
The wily quarry shunned the shock,
And turned him from the opposing rock
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,
In the deep Trosachs' wildest nook
His solitary refuge took.

There while, close couched, the thicket shed
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,
He heard the baffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,
To cheer them on the vanished game;
But, stumbling in the rugged dell,
The gallant horse exhausted fell.
The impatient rider strove in vain
To rouse him with the spur and rein,
For the good steed, his labors o'er,
Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more
Then, touched with pity and remorse,
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse:—
“I little thought, when first thy rein
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,
That highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Wo worth the chase, wo worth the day,
That cost thy life, my gallant gray!”

Then through the dell his horn resounds,
From vain pursuit to call the hounds.
Back limped, with slow and crippled pace,
The sly leaders of the chase:
Close to their master's side they pressed,
With drooping tail and humbled crest;
But still the dingle's hollow throat
Prolonged the swelling bugle-note.
The owlets started from their dream,
The eagles answered with their scream

Round and around the sounds were cast,
The echo seemed an answering blast;
And on the hunter bied his way,
To join some comrades of the day;
Yet often paused, so strange the road,
So wondrous were the scenes it showed

The western waves of ebbing day
Rolled o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting beam could glow
Within the dark ravines below,
Where twined the path, in shadow hid,
Round many a rocky pyramid,
Shooting abruptly from the dell
Its thunder-splintered pinnacle;
Round many an insulated mass,
The native bulwarks of the pass,
Huge as the tower which builders vain
Presumptuous piled on Shinar's plain.
Their rocky summits, split and rent,
Formed turret, dome, or battlement,
Or seemed fantastically set
With cupola or minaret,
Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect.
Nor were these earth-born castles bare,
Nor lacked they many a banner fair;
For, from their shivered brows displayed,
Far o'er the unfathomable glade,
All twinkling with the dew-drop sheen,
The briar-rose fell in streamers green.

And creeping shrubs of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.

Boon nature scattered, free and wild,
Each plant or flower, the mountain's child.
Here eglantine embalmed the air,
Hawthorn and hazel mingled there;
The primrose pale, and violet flower,
Found in each clift a narrow bower;
Fox-glove and night-shade, side by side,
Emblems of punishment and pride,
Grouped their dark hues with every stain
The weather-beaten crags retain;
With boughs that quaked at every breath,
Gray birch and aspen wept beneath;
Aloft, the ash and warrior oak
Cast anchor in the rifted rock;
And higher yet, the pine-tree hung
His shattered trunk, and frequent flung,
Where seemed the cliffs to meet on high,
His boughs athwart the narrowed sky;
Highest of all, where white peaks glanced,
Where glistening streamers waved and danced,
The wanderer's eye could barely view
The summer heaven's delicious blue;
So wondrous wild, the whole might seem
The scenery of a fairy dream.

Onward, amid the copse 'gan peep
A narrow inlet still and deep,
Affording scarce such breadth of brim
As served the wild duck's brood to swim;
Lost for a space, through thickets veering,
But broader when again appearing,

Tall rocks and tufted knolls their face
Could on the dark-blue mirror trace -
And farther as the hunter strayed,
Still broader sweep its channels made.
The shaggy mounds no longer stood,
Emerging from entangled wood,
But, wave-encircled, seemed to float,
Like castle girdled with its moat;
Yet broader floods extending still,
Divide them from their parent hill,
Till each, retiring, claims to be
An islet in an inland sea.

And now, to issue from the glen,
No pathway meets the wanderer's ken,
Unless he climb, with footing nice,
A far-projecting precipice.
The broom's tough roots his ladder made,
The hazel saplings lent their aid;
And thus an airy point he won,
Where, gleaming with the setting sun,
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath him rolled;
In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek, and bay,
And islands that, empurpled bright,
Floated amid the livelier light;
And mountains, that like giants stand,
To sentinel enchanted land.
High on the south, huge Ben-venue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Craggs, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world;

A wildering forest feathered o'er
His ruined sides and summit hoar,
While on the north, through middle air,
Ben-an heaved high his forehead bare.

From the steep promontory gazed
The Stranger, raptur'd and amazed;
And, "What a scene was here," he cried,
"For princely pomp or churchman's pride!
On this bold brow, a lordly tower;
In that soft vale, a lady's bower;
On yonder meadow, far away,
The turrets of a cloister gray.
How blithely might the bugle-horn
Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn!
How sweet, at eve, the lover's lute
Chime, when the groves were still and mute
And, when the midnight moon should lave
Her forehead in the silver wave,
How solemn on the ear would come
The holy matin's distant hum,
While the deep peal's commanding tone
Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
A sainted hermit from his cell,
To drop a bead with every knell!—
And bugle, lute, and bell, and all,
Should each bewildered stranger call
To friendly feast and lighted hall.

"Blithe were it then to wander here!
But now — beshrew yon nimble deer! —
Like that same hermit's, thin and spare,
The copse must give my evening fare:

Some mossy bank my couch must be,
Some rustling oak my canopy.
Yet pass we that—the war and chase
Give little choice of resting-place;—
A summer night, in greenwood spent,
Were but to-morrow's merriment;
But hosts may in these wilds abound,
Such as are better missed than found;
To meet with highland plunderers here,
Were worse than loss of steed or deer
I am alone;—my bugle strain
May call some straggler of the train;
Or, fall the worst that may betide,
Ere now this falchion has been tried."

But scarce again his horn he wound,
When lo! forth starting at the sound,
From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel, guider of its way,
A little skiff shot to the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping willow-twigg to lave;
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched this silver strand.
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view this Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused, as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain,

With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art.
In listening mood, she seemed to stand
The guardian Naiad of the strand

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face!
What though the sun, with ardent frown,
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown —
The sportive toil, which, short and light,
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,
Served too in hastier swell to show
Short glimpses of a breast of snow;
What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had trained her pace —
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dashed the dew;
E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread:
What though upon her speech there hung
The accents of the mountain tongue —
Those silver sounds, so soft, so dear,
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid;
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,
Her golden brooch, such birth betrayed.
And seldom was a snood amid
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,
Whose glossy black to shame might bring
The plumage of the raven's wing;

And seldom o'er a breast so fair,
 Mantled a plaid with modest care,
 And never brooch the folds combined
 Above a heart more good and kind.
 Her kindness and her worth to spy,
 You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
 Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
 Gives back the shaggy banks more true
 Than every free-born glance confessed
 The guileless movements of her breast;
 Whether joy danced in her dark eye,
 Or woe or pity claimed a sigh,
 Or filial love was glowing there,
 Or meek devotion poured a prayer,
 Or tale of injury called forth
 The indignant spirit of the north.
 One only passion, unrevealed,
 With maiden pride the maid concealed,
 Yet not less purely felt the flame;—
 Oh need I tell that passion's name?

Impatient of the silent horn,
 Now on the gale her voice was borne:—
 "Father!" she cried—the rocks around
 Loved to prolong the gentle sound.
 Awhile she paused, no answer came—
 "Malcolm, was thine the blast?" the name
 Less resolutely uttered fell,
 The echoes could not catch the swell.
 "A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
 Advancing from the hazel shade.
 The maid alarmed, with hasty oar,
 Pushed her light shallop from the shore,

And, when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
(So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing,)
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.
Not his the form, nor his the eye,
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

On his bold visage middle age
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,
Yet had not quenched the open truth,
And fiery vehemence of youth;
Forward and frolic glee was there,
The will to do, the soul to dare,
The sparkling glance, soon blown to fire
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.
His limbs were cast in manly mould,
For hardy sports, or contest bold;
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,
And weaponless, except his blade,
His stately mien as well implied
A high-born heart, a martial pride,
As if a baron's crest he wore,
And sheathed in armor trod the shore.
Slighting the petty need he showed,
He told of his benighted road:
His ready speech flowed fair and free,
In phrase of gentlest courtesy;
Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland
Less used to sue than to command.

Awile the maid the Stranger eyed,
And, reassured, at last replied,

That highland halls were open still
To wildered wanderers of the hill.
"Nor think you unexpected come
To yon lone isle, our desert home:
Before the heath had lost the dew,
This morn, a couch was pulled for you;
On yonder mountain's purple head
Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,
And our broad nets have swept the mere,
To furnish forth your evening cheer."
"Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,
Your courtesy has erred," he said;
"No right have I to claim, misplaced,
The welcome of expected guest.
A wanderer, here by fortune tost,
My way, my friends, my courser lost,
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,
Have ever drawn your mountain air,
Till on this lake's romantic strand,
I found a fay in fairy land."

"I wel' believe," the maid replied,
As her light skiff approached the side.
"I well believe, that ne'er before
Your foot has trod Loch-Katrine's shore
But yet, as far as yesternight,
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight—
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent
Was on the visioned future bent.
He saw your steed, a dappled gray,
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;
Painted exact your form and mien,
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,

That tasselled horn so gaily gilt,
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,
That cap with heron's plumage trim,
And yon two hounds so dark and grim.
He bade that all should ready be,
To grace a guest of fair degree;
But light I held his prophecy,
And deemed it was my father's horn,
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne."
The Stranger smiled:—"Since to your home,
A destined errant-knight I come,
Announced by prophet sooth and old,
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,
I'll lightly front each high emprise,
For one kind glance of those bright eyes;
Permit me, first, the task to guide
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide."
The maid, with smile suppressed and sly,
The toil unwonted saw him try;
For seldom, sure, if e'er before,
His noble hand had grasped an oar:
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew
And o'er the lake the shallop flew;
With heads erect and whimpering cry
The hounds behind their passage ply
Nor frequent does the bright oar break
The darkening mirror of the lake,
Until the rocky isle they reach,
And moor their shallop on the beach.

The Stranger viewed the shore around,
'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound
Nor track nor pathway might declare
That human foot frequented there,

Until the mountain-maiden showed
A clambering unsuspected road,
That winded through the tangled screen,
And opened on a narrow green,
Where weeping birch and willow round
With their long fibres swept the ground ;
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device ;
Of such materials, as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared.
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite ;
While moss, and clay, and leaves combined,
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine-trees, overhead,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered heath and rushes dry
Supplied a russet canopy.
Due westward, fronting to the green,
A rural portico was seen,
Aloft on native pillars borne,
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine
The ivy and Idæan vine,
The clematis, the favored flower,
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower,
And every hardy plant could bear
Loch-Katrine's keen and searching air

An instant in this porch she staid,
And gayly to the Stranger said,
"On heaven and on thy lady call,
And enter the enchanted hall!"

"My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee."
He crossed the threshold — and a clang
Of angry steel that instant rang.
To his bold brow his spirit rushed,
But soon for vain alarm he blushed,
When on the floor he saw displayed,
Cause of the din, a naked blade
Dropped from the sheath, that careless flung
Upon a stag's huge antlers swung;
For, all around, the walls to grace,
Hung trophies of the fight or chase:
A target there, a bugle here,
A battle-axe, a hunting spear,
And broadswords, bows, and arrows store,
With the tusked trophies of the boar.
Here grins the wolf as when he died,
And there the wild-cat's brindled hide
The frontlet of the elk adorns,
Or mantles o'er the bison's horns;
Pennons and flags defaced and stained,
'That blackening streaks of blood retained,
And deer-skins, dappled, dun, and white,
With otter's fur and seal's unite,
In rude and uncouth tapestry all,
'To garnish forth the sylvan hall.

The wondering Stranger round him gazed,
And next the fallen weapon raised;

Few were the arms whose sinewy strength
Sufficed to stretch it forth at length.
And as the brand he poised and swayed,
"I never knew but one," he said,
"Whose stalwart arm might brook to wield
A blade like this in battle-field."
She sighed, then smiled and took the word;
"You see the guardian champion's sword."
As light it trembles in his hand,
As in my grasp a hazel wand;
My sire's tall form might grace the part
Of Ferragus or Ascabart;
But in the absent giant's hold
Are women now and menials old."

The mistress of the mansion came,
Mature of age, a graceful dame;
Whose easy step and stately port
Had well become a princely court,
To whom, though more than kindred knew,
Young Ellen gave a mother's due.
Meet welcome to her guest she made,
And every courteous rite was paid,
That hospitality could claim,
Though all unasked his birth and name
Such then the reverence to a guest,
That fellest foe might join the feast,
And from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.
At length his rank the Stranger names —
"The Knight of Snowdoun, James Fitz-James;
Lord of a barren heritage,
Which his brave sires, from age to age,

By their good swords had held with toil;
His sire had fallen in such turmoil,
And he, God wot, was forced to stand
Oft for his right with blade in hand.
This morning with Lord Moray's train
He chased a stalwart stag in vain,
Outstripped his comrades, missed the deer
Lost his good steed, and wandered here."

Fan would the Knight in turn require
The name and state of Ellen's sire;
Well showed the elder lady's mien,
That courts and cities she had seen;
Ellen, though more her looks displayed
The simple grace of sylvan maid,
In speech and gesture, form and face,
Showed she was come of gentle race;
'Twere strange in ruder rank to find
Such looks, such manners, and such mind.
Each hint the Knight of Snowdown gave,
Dame Margaret heard with silence grave;
Or Ellen, innocently gay,
Turned all inquiry light away.
"Wierd women we! by dale and down,
We dwell afar from tower and town.
We stem the flood, we ride the blast,
On wandering knights our spells we cast,
While viewless minstrels touch the string,
'Tis thus our charmed rhymes we sing."
She sang, and still a harp unseen
Filled up the symphony between.

SONG

"Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

"No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping."

She paused — then, blushing, led the lay
To grace the stranger of the day;
Her mellow notes awhile prolong
The cadence of the flowing song,

Till to her lips in measured frame
The minstrel verse spontaneous came.

SONG — CONTINUED.

“Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveille.
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound reveille.”

The hall was cleared — the Stranger's bed
Was there of mountain heather spread,
Where oft an hundred guests had lain,
And dreamed their forest sports again.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head;
Not Ellen's spell had lulled to rest
The fever of his troubled breast.
In broken dreams the image rose
Of varied perils, pains, and woes;
His steed now flounders in the brake,
Now sinks his barge upon the lake;
Now leader of a broken host,
His standard falls, his honor's lost.
Then — from my couch may heavenly might
Chase that worst phantom of the night! —

Again returned the scenes of youth,
Of confident undouting truth;
Again his soul he interchanged
With friends whose hearts were long estranged.
They come, in dim procession led,
The cold, the faithless, and the dead;
As warm each hand, each brow as gay,
As if they parted yesterday.
And doubt distracts him at the view,
Oh were his senses false or true!
Dreamed he of death, or broken vow,
Or is it all a vision now!

✓
At length, with Ellen in a grove,
He seemed to walk, and speak of love;
She listened with a blush and sigh;
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.
He sought her yielded hand to clasp,
And a cold gauntlet met his grasp;
The phantom's sex was changed and gone,
Upon its head a helmet shone;
Slowly enlarged to giant size,
With darkened cheek and threatening eyes
The grisly visage, stern and hoar,
To Ellen still a likeness bore.
He woke, and, panting with affright,
Recalled the vision of the night.
The hearth's decaying brands were red,
And deep and dusky lustre shed,
Half showing, half concealing all
The uncouth trophies of the hall.
Mid those the Stranger fixed his eye
Where that huge falchion hung on high.

And thoughts on thoughts, a countless throng,
Rushed, chasing countless thoughts along,
Until, the giddy whirl to cure,
He rose, and sought the moonshine pure

The wild rose, eglantine, and broom,
Wafted around their rich perfume;
The birch-trees wept in fragrant balm,
The aspens slept beneath the calm;
The silver light, with quivering glance,
Played on the water's still expanse —
Wild were the heart whose passion's sway
Could rage beneath the sober ray!
He felt its calm, that warrior guest,
While thus he communed with his breast: --
"Why is it at each turn I trace
Some memory of that exiled race?
Can I not mountain maiden spy,
But she must bear the Douglas eye?
Can I not view a highland brand,
But it must match the Douglas hand?
Can I not frame a fevered dream,
But still the Douglas is the theme? —
I'll dream no more — by manly mind
Not even in sleep is will resigned.
My midnight orison said o'er,
I'll turn to rest, and dream no more."
His midnight orison he told,
A prayer with every bead of goid,
Consigned to heaven his cares and woes,
And sank in undisturbed repose;
Until the heath-cock shrilly crew,
And morning dawned on Ben-venue

CANTO SECOND.

THE ISLAND.

At morn the black-cock trims his jetty wing,
'Tis morning prompts the linnet's blithest lay,
All nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while yon little bark glides down the bay,
Wafting the stranger on his way again,
Morn's genial influence roused a Minstrel gray,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain,
Mixed with the sounding harp, oh white-haired Allan
bane!

SONG.

"Not faster yonder rowers' might
Flings from their oars the spray;
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the shallop's course in light,
Melts in the lake away,
Than men from memory erase
The benefits of former days;
Then, Stranger, go! good speed the while.
Nor think again of the lonely isle.

'High place to thee in royal court,
High place in battled line,
Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport,
Where Beauty sees the brave resort,
The honored meed be thine!

True be thy sword, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind, and dear,
And lost in love's and friendship's smile,
Be memory of the lonely isle.

SONG — CONTINUED.

“But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaided stranger roam,
Whose drooping crest and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his highland home :
Then, warrior, then be thine to show
The care that soothes a wanderer's wo
Remember then thy hap erewhile
A stranger in the lonely isle.

“Or if on life's uncertain main
Mishap shall mar thy sail ;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Wo, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the fickle gale ;
Waste not a sigh on fortune changed,
On thankless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile
To greet thee in the lonely isle.”

As died the sounds upon the tide,
The shallop reached the main-land side,
And ere his onward way he took,
The Stranger cast a lingering look,
Where easily his eye might reach
The Harper on the islet beach

Reclined against a blighted tree,
As wasted, gray, and worn as he.
To minstrel meditation given,
His reverend brow was raised to heaven,
As from the rising sun to claim
A sparkle of inspiring flame;
His hand, reclined upon the wire,
Seemed watching the awakening fire;
So still he sate, as those who wait
Till judgment speak the doom of fate;
So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;
So still as life itself were fled,
In the last sound his harp had sped.

Upon a rock with lichens wild,
Beside him Ellen sate and smiled.
Smiled she to see the stately drake
Lead forth his fleet upon the lake,
While her vexed spaniel, from the beach,
Bayed at the prize beyond his reach?
Yet tell me then the maid who knows,
Why deepened on her cheek the rose?
Forgive, forgive, Fidelity!
Perchance the maiden smiled to see
Yon parting lingerer wave adieu,
And stop and turn to wave anew;
And, lovely ladies, ere your ire
Condemn the heroine of my lyre,
Show me the fair would scorn to spy,
And prize such conquest of her eye!

While yet he loitered on the spot,
It seemed as Ellen marked him not

But when he turned him to the glae,
One courteous parting sign she made,
And after, oft the knight would say,
That not when prize of festal day
Was dealt him by the brightest fair
Who e'er wore jewel in her hair,
So highly did his bosom swell,
As at that simple mute farewell.
Now with a trusty mountain guide,
And his dark stag-hounds by his side,
He parts—the maid, unconscious still,
Watched him wind slowly round the hill,
But when his stately form was hid,
The guardian in her bosom chid—
“Thy Malcolm, vain and selfish maid!”
’Twas thus upbraiding conscience said;
“Not so had Malcolm idly hung
On the smooth phrase of southern tongue
Not so had Malcolm strained his eye
Another step than thine to spy.”
“Wake, Allan-bane!” aloud she cried,
To the old Minstrel by her side,
“Arouse thee from thy moody dream!
I’ll give thy harp heroic theme,
And warm thee with a noble name;
Pour forth the glory of the Græme.”
Scarce from her lip the word had rushed,
When deep the conscious maiden blushed,
For of his clan, in hall and bower,
Young Malcolm Græme was held the flower.

The Minstrel waked his harp—three times
Arose the well-known martial chimes,

And thrice their high heroic pride
In melancholy murmurs died.
"Vainly thou bidd'st, oh noble maid!"
Clasping his withered hands, he said,
"Vainly thou bidd'st me wake the strain,
Though all unwont to bid in vain.
Alas! than mine a mightier hand
Has tuned my harp, my strings has spanned;
I touch the chords of joy, but low
And mournful answer notes of wo;
And the proud march which victors tread,
Sinks in the wailing for the dead.
Oh well for me, if mine alone
That dirge's deep prophetic tone!
If, as my tuneful fathers said,
This harp, which erst Saint Modan swayed,
Can thus its master's fate foretell,
Then welcome be the minstrel's knell!

"But ah! dear lady, thus it sighed
The eve thy sainted mother died;
And such the sounds which, while I strove
To wake a lay of war or love,
Came marring all the festal mirth,
Appalling me who gave them birth,
And, disobedient to my call,
Wailed loud through Bothwell's bannered hall,
Ere Douglasses to ruin driven,
Were exiled from their native heaven.
Oh! if yet worse mishap and wo
My master's house must undergo,
Or aught but weal to Ellen fair,
Brood in these accents of despair

No future bard, sad harp! shall fling
Triumph or rapture from thy string;
One short, one final strain shall flow,
Fraught with unutterable wo,
Then shivered shall thy fragments lie,
Thy master cast him down and die."

Soothing she answered him, "Assuage,
Mine honored friend, the fears of age;
All melodies to thee are known,
That harp has rung, or pipe has blown,
In lowland vale or highland glen,
From Tweed to Spey — what marvel, then,
At times, unbidden notes should rise,
Confusedly bound in memory's ties,
Entangling, as they rush along,
The war-march with the funeral song?
Small ground is now for boding fear;
Obscure, but safe, we rest us here.
My sire, in native virtue great,
Resigning lordship, lands, and state,
Not then to fortune more resigned,
Than yonder oak might give the wind;
The graceful foliage storms may reave,
The noble stem they cannot grieve.
For me" — she stooped, and, looking round,
Plucked a blue hare-bell from the ground,
"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the King's own garden grows,

And when I place it in my hair,
Allan, a bard is bound to swear
He ne'er saw coronet so fair."
Then playfully the chaplet wild
She wreathed in her dark locks, and smiled.

Her smile, her speech, with winning sway,
Wiled the old harper's mood away.
With such a look as hermits throw
When angels stoop to soothe their wo,
He gazed, till fond regret and pride
Thrilled to a tear, then thus replied:—
"Loveliest and best! thou little know'st
The rank, the honors thou hast lost!
Oh might I live to see thee grace,
In Scotland's court, thy birthright place,
To see my favorite's step advance,
The lightest in the courtly dance,
The cause of every gallant's sigh,
And leading star of every eye,
And theme of every minstrel's art,
The Lady of the Bleeding Heart!"

'Fair dreams are these," the maiden cried,
(Light was her accent, yet she sighed,)
"Yet is this mossy rock to me
Worth splendid chair and canopy;
Nor would my footstep spring more gay
In courtly dance than blithe strathspey,
Nor half so pleased mine ear incline
To royal minstrel's lay as thine;
And then for suitors proud and high,
To bend before my conquering eye,

Thou, flattering bard ! thyself wilt say,
That grim Sir Roderick owns its sway.
The Saxon scourge, Clan-Alpine's pride,
The terror of Loch-Lomond's side,
Would, at my suit, thou know'st delay
A Lennox foray — for a day."

The ancient bard his glee repressed :
" Ill hast thou chosen theme for jest !
For who, through all this western wild,
Named black Sir Roderick e'er, and smiled ?
In Holy-Rood a knight he slew ;
I saw, when back the dirk he drew,
Courtiers gave place before the stride
Of the undaunted homicide ;
And since, though outlawed, hath his hand
Full sternly kept his mountain land.
Who else dared give — ah ! wo the day,
That I such hated truth should say —
The Douglas, like a stricken deer,
Disowned by every noble peer,
Even the rude refuge we have here ?
Alas, this wild marauding chief
Alone might hazard our relief,
And now thy maiden charms expand,
Looks for his guerdon in thy hand ;
Full soon may dispensation sought,
To back his suit, from Rome be brought.
Then, though an exile on the hill,
Thy father, as the Douglas, still
Be held in reverence and fear.
But though to Roderick thou'rt so dear,
That thou might'st guide with silken thread
Slave of thy will, this chieftain dread ;

Yet, oh loved maid, thy mirth refrain!
Thy hand is on a lion's mane"

"Minstrel," the maid replied, and high
Her father's soul glanced from her eye,
"My debts to Roderick's house I know.
All that a mother could bestow,
To Lady Margaret's care I owe,
Since first an orphan in the wild
She sorrowed o'er her sister's child:
To her brave chieftain son, from ire
Of Scotland's king who shrouds my sire,
A deeper, holier debt is owed;
And, could I pay it with my blood,
Allan! Sir Roderick should command
My blood, my life — but not my hand.
Rather will Ellen Douglas dwell
A votaress in Maronan's cell;
Rather through realms beyond the sea,
Seeking the world's cold charity,
Where ne'er was spoke a Scottish word,
And ne'er the name of Douglas heard,
An outcast pilgrim will she rove,
Than wed the man she cannot love.

"Thou shak'st, good friend, thy tresses gray —
That pleading look, what can it say
But what I own? — I grant him brave,
But wild as Blacklinn's thundering wave,
And generous — save vindictive mood,
Or jealous transport chafe his blood;
I grant him true to friendly band,
As his claymore to his hand:

But oh! that very blade of steel
More mercy for a foe would feel:
I grant him liberal, to fling
Among his clan the wealth they bring,
When back by lake and glen they wind,
And in the Lowland leave behind,
Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,
A mass of ashes slaked with blood.
The hand, that for my father fought,
I honor, as his daughter ought;
But can I clasp it reeking red,
From peasants slaughtered in their shed?
No! wildly while his virtues gleam,
They make his passions darker seem,
And flash along his spirit high,
Like lightning o'er the midnight sky.
While yet a child — and children know,
Instinctive taught, the friend and foe —
(I shuddered at his brow of gloom,
His shadowy plaid, and sable plume;
A maiden grown, I ill could bear
His haughty mien and lordly air;
But, if thou join'st a suitor's claim,
In serious mood, to Roderick's name,
I thrill with anguish! or, if e'er
A Douglas knew the word, with fear.
To change such odious theme were best.
What think'st thou of our stranger guest?"

"What think I of him? — wo the while
That brought such wanderer to our isle'
Thy father's battle-brand, of yore
For Tine-man forged by fairy lore

What time he leagued, no longer foes,
His Border spear with Hotspur's bows
Did, self unscabbarded, foreshow
The footstep of a secret foe.
If courtly spy, and harbored here,
What may we for the Douglas fear?
What for this island, deemed of old
Clan-Alpine's last and surest hold?
If neither spy nor foe, I pray
What yet may jealous Roderick say!
—Nay, wave not thy disdainful head!
Bethink thee of the discord dread,
That kindled when at Beltane game,
Thou ledd'st the dance with Malcolm Græme
Still, though thy sire the peace renewed,
Smoulders in Roderick's breast the feud;
Beware! — But hark, what sounds are these?
My dull ears catch no faltering breeze,
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake,
Still is the canna's hoary beard,
Yet, by my minstrel faith, I heard,
And hark again! some pipe of war
Sends the bold pibroch from afar."

Far up the lengthened lake were spied
Four darkening specks upon the tide,
That, slow enlarging on the view,
Four manned and masted barges grew,
And bearing downwards from Glengyle,
Steered full upon the lonely isle;
The point of Brianchoil they passed,
And, to the windward as they cast,

Against the sun they gave to shine
The bold Sir Roderick's bannered pine.
Nearer and nearer as they bear,
Spears, pikes, and axes flash in air.
Now might you see the tartans brave,
And plaids and plumage dance and wave
Now see the bonnets sink and rise,
As his tough oar the rower plies ;
See, flashing at each sturdy stroke,
The wave ascending into smoke ;
See the proud pipers on the bow,
And mark the gaudy streamers flow
From their loud chanters down, and sweep
The furrowed bosom of the deep,
As, rushing through the lake amain,
They plied the ancient Highland strain.

Ever, as on they bore, more loud
And louder rung the pibroch proud.
At first the sounds, by distance tame,
Mellowed along the waters came,
And, lingering long by cape and bay,
Wailed every harsher note away ;
Then, bursting bolder on the ear,
The clan's shrill Gathering they could hear :
Those thrilling sounds, that call the might
Of old Clan-Alpine to the fight.
Thick beat the rapid notes, as when
The mustering hundreds shake the glen,
And, hurrying at the signal dread,
The battered earth returns their tread
Then prelude light, of livelier tone,
Expressed their merry marching on,

Ere peal of closing battle rose,
With mingled outcry, shrieks, and blows;
And mimic din of stroke and ward,
As broadsword upon target jarred;
And groaning pause, ere yet again,
Condensed, the battle yelled amain;
The rapid charge, the rallying shout,
Retreat borne headlong into rout,
And bursts of triumph, to declare
Clan-Alpine's conquest — all were there.
Nor ended thus the strain; but slow,
Sunk in a moan prolonged and low,
And changed the conquering clarion swell,
For wild lament o'er those that fell.

The war-pipes ceased; but lake and hill
Were busy with their echoes still;
And, when they slept, a vocal strain
Bade their hoarse chorus wake again,
While loud an hundred clansmen raise
Their voices in their chieftain's praise.
Each boatman, bending to his oar,
With measured sweep the burthen bore,
In such wild cadence, as the breeze
Makes through December's leafless trees.
The chorus first could Allan know,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine, ho! iro!"
And near, and nearer as they rowed,
Distinct the martial ditty flowed.

BOAT SONG.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honored and blest be the evergreen pine!
Long may the Tree in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line!
Heaven send it happy dew,
Earth lend it sap anew,
Gayly to bourgeon, and broadly to grow,
While every highland glen
Sends our shout back agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Ours is no sapling, chance-sown by the fountain,
Blooming at Beltane, in winter to fade;
When the whirlwind has stripped every leaf on the
mountain,
The more shall Clan-Alpine exult in her shade
Moored in the rifted rock,
Proof to the tempest's shock,
Firmer he roots him the ruder it blow;
Menteith and Breadalbane, then,
Echo his praises agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Banachar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross-dhu, they are smoking in ruin,
And the best of Loch-Lomond lie dead on her side,
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,

Think of Clan-Alpine with fear and with wo;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear agen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

Row, vassals, row, for the pride of the Highlands'
Stretch to your oars, for the evergreen Pine!
Oh! that the rose-bud that graces yon islands,
Were wreathed in a garland around him to twine!
Oh that some seedling gem,
Worthy such noble stem,
Honored and blessed in their shadow might grow!
Loud should Clan-Alpine then
Ring from her deepmost glen,
"Roderigh Vich Alpine dhu, ho! ieroe!"

With all her joyful female band,
Had Lady Margaret sought the strand.
Loose on the breeze their tresses flew,
And high their snowy arms they threw,
As echoing back with shrill acclaim
And chorus wild the chieftain's name;
While, prompt to please, with mother's art,
The darling passion of his heart,
The Dame called Ellen to the strand,
To greet her kinsman ere he land:
"Come, loiterer, come! a Douglas thou,
And shun to wreathe a victor's brow?"
Reluctantly and slow, the maid
The unwelcome summoning obeyed,
And, when a distant bugle rung,
In the mid-path aside she sprung:
"List, Allan-bane! from mainland cast,
I hear my father's signal blast.

Be ours," she cried, "the skiff to guide,
And waft him from the mountain side."
Then, like a sunbeam swift and bright,
She darted to her shallop light,
And, eagerly, while Roderick scanned,
For her dear form, his mother's band,
The islet far behind her lay,
And she had landed in the bay.

(Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven
And if there be a human tear
From passion's dross refined and clear
A tear so limpid and so meek,
It would not stain an angel's cheek,
'Tis that which pious fathers shed
Upon a duteous daughter's head!
And as the Douglas to his breast
His darling Ellen closely pressed,
Such holy drops her tresses steeped,
Though 'twas an hero's eye that weeped.
Nor while on Ellen's faltering tongue
Her filial welcomes crowded hung,
Marked she, that fear (affection's proof)
Still held a graceful youth aloof;
No! not till Douglas named his name,
Although the youth was Malcolm Græme

Allan, with wistful look the while,
Marked Roderick landing on the isle;
His master piteously he eyed,
Then gazed upon the chieftain's pride,
Then dashed, with hasty hand, away
From his dimmed eye the gathering spray

And Douglas, as his hand he laid
On Malcolm's shoulder, kindly said,
"Canst thou, young friend, no meaning spy
In my poor follower's glistening eye?
I'll tell thee:—he recalls the day,
When in my praise he led the lay
O'er the arched gate of Bothwell proud,
While many a minstrel answered loud,
When Percy's Norman pennon, won
In bloody field, before me shone,
And twice ten knights, the least a name
As mighty as yon chief may claim,
Gracing my pomp, behind me came.
Yet trust me, Malcolm, not so proud
Was I of all that marshalled crowd,
Though the waned crescent owned my might,
And in my train trooped lord and knight,
Though Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise
As when this old man's silent tear,
And this poor maid's affection dear,
A welcome give more kind and true
Than aught my better fortunes knew.
Forgive, my friend, a father's boast;
Oh! it outbeggars all I lost!"

Delightful praise!—like summer rose,
That brighter in the dew-drop glows,
The bashful maiden's cheek appeared—
For Douglas spoke, and Malcolm heard
The flush of shame-faced joy to hide,
The hounds, the hawk, her cares divide:
The loved caresses of the maid
The dogs with crouch and whimper paid

And, at her whistle, on her hand
The falcon took his favorite stand,
Closed his dark wing, relaxed his eye,
Nor, though unhooded, sought to fly.
And trust, while in such guise she stood,
Like fabled Goddess of the Wood,
That if a father's partial thought
O'erweighed her worth and beauty aught,
Well might the lover's judgment fail,
To balance with a juster scale;
For with each secret glance he stole,
The fond enthusiast sent his soul.

Of stature fair, and slender frame,
But firmly knit, was Malcolm Græme.
The belted plaid and tartan hose
Did ne'er more graceful limbs disclose
His flaxen hair, of sunny hue,
Curled closely round his bonnet blue;
Trained to the chase, his eagle eye
The ptarmigan in snow could spy;
Each pass, by mountain, lake, and heath,
He knew, through Lennox and Menteith;
Vain was the bound of dark-brown doe,
When Malcolm bent his sounding bow,
And scarce that doe, though winged with fear,
Outstripped in speed the mountaineer;
Right up Ben-Lomond could he press,
And not a sob his toil confess.
His form accorded with a mind
Lively and ardent, frank and kind;
A blither heart, till Ellen came,
Did never love nor sorrow tame;

It danced as lightsome in his breast,
As played the feather on his crest.
Yet friends, who nearest knew the youth,
His scorn of wrong, his zeal for truth,
And bards, who saw his features bold,
When kindled by the tales of old,
Said, were that youth to manhood grown,
Not long should Roderick Dhu's renown
Be foremost voiced by mountain fame,
But quail to that of Malcolm Græme.
Now back they wend their watery way,
And, "Oh my sire!" did Ellen say,
"Why urge thy chase so far astray?
And why so late returned? And why" —
The rest was in her speaking eye.
"My child, the chase I follow far,
'Tis mimicry of noble war;
And with that gallant pastime reft,
Were all of Douglas I have left.
I met young Malcolm as I strayed
Far eastward, in Glenfinlas' shade,
Nor strayed I safe; for, all around,
Hunters and horsemen scoured the ground.
This youth, though still a royal ward,
Risked life and land to be my guard,
And through the passes of the wood
Guided my steps not unpursued;
And Roderick shall his welcome make,
Despite old spleen, for Douglas' sake.
Then must he seek Strath-Endrick glen,
Nor peril aught for me agen."

Sir Roderick, who to meet them came,
Reddened at sight of Malcolm Græme

Yet, not in action, word, or eye,
Failed aught in hospitality.
In talk and sport they whiled away
The morning of that summer day;
But at high noon a courier light
Held secret parley with the knight,
Whose moody aspect soon declared,
That evil were the news he heard.
Deep thought seemed toiling in his head;
Yet was the evening banquet made,
Ere he assembled round the flame,
His mother, Douglas, and the Græme,
And Ellen too; then cast around
His eyes, then fixed them on the ground,
As studying phrase that might avail
Best to convey unpleasant tale.
Long with his dagger's hilt he played,
Then raised his haughty brow, and said:—

“Short be my speech; nor time affords,
Nor my plain temper, glozing words.
Kinsman and father—if such name
Douglas vouchsafe to Roderick's claim,
Mine honored mother; Ellen—why,
My cousin, turn away thine eye?
And Græme; in whom I hope to know
Full soon a noble friend or foe,
When age shall give thee thy command,
And leading in thy native land—
List all! The King's vindictive pride
Boasts to have tamed the Border-side,
Where chiefs, with hound and hawk, who came
To share their monarch's sylvan game

Themselves in bloody toils were snared,
And when the banquet they prepared,
And wide their loyal portals flung,
O'er their own gateway struggling hung.
Loud cries their blood from Meggat's mead,
From Yarrow braes and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettricke glide,
And from the silver Teviot's side;
The dales, where martial clans did ride,
Are now one sheep-walk waste and wide.
This tyrant of the Scottish throne,
So faithless, and so ruthless known,
Now hither comes; his end the same,
The same pretext of sylvan game.
What grace for Highland chiefs judge ye,
By fate of Border chivalry.
Yet more; amid Glenfinlas green,
Douglas, thy stately form was seen.
This by espial sure I know:
Your counsel in the strait I show."

(Ellen and Margaret fearfully
Sought comfort in each other's eye,
Then turned their ghastly look, each one,
This to her sire, that to her son.
The hasty color went and came
In the bold cheek of Malcolm Græme;
But, from his glance it well appeared,
'Twas but for Ellen that he feared;
While sorrowful, but undismayed,
The Douglas thus his counsel said:—
"Brave Roderick, though the tempest roar,
It may but thunder and pass o'er;

Nor will I here remain an hour,
To draw the lightning on thy bower;
For well thou know'st, at this gray head
The royal bolt were fiercest sped.
For thee, who, at thy King's command,
Canst aid him with a gallant band,
Submission, homage, humbled pride,
Shall turn the Monarch's wrath aside.
Poor remnants of the Bleeding Heart,
Ellen and I will seek, apart,
The refuge of some forest cell;
There, like the hunted quarry, dwell,
Till, on the mountain and the moor,
The stern pursuit be passed and o'er

"No, by mine honor!" Roderick said
"So help me heaven, and my good blade!
No, never! Blasted be yon pine,
My fathers' ancient crest and mine,
If from its shade in danger part
The lineage of the Bleeding Heart!
Hear my blunt speech. Grant me this maid
To wife, thy counsel to mine aid;
To Douglas, leagued with Roderick Dhu,
Will friends and allies flock enow;
Like cause of doubt, distrust, and grief,
Will bind us to each Western Chief.
When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell,
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
And when I light the nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames,
Shall scare the slumbers of King James

- Nay, Ellen, blench not thus away,
And, mother, cease these sighs, I pray;
I meant not all my heat might say.
Small need of inroad, or of fight,
When the sage Douglas may unite
Each mountain clan in friendly band,
To guard the passes of their land,
Till the foiled King, from pathless glen,
Shall bootless turn him home agen.

There are who have, at midnight hour,
In slumber scaled a dizzy tower,
And, on the verge that beetled o'er
The ocean-tide's incessant roar,
Dreamed calmly out their dangerous dream,
Till wakened by the morning beam;
When, dazzled by the eastern glow,
Such startler cast his glance below,
And saw unmeasured depth around,
And heard unintermitted sound,
And thought the battled fence so frail,
It waved like cobweb in the gale;
Amid his senses' giddy wheel,
Did he not desperate impulse feel,
Headlong to plunge himself below,
And meet the worst his fears foreshow.
Thus, Ellen, dizzy and astound,
As sudden ruin yawned around,
By crossing terrors wildly tossed,
Still for the Douglas fearing most,
Could scarce the desperate thought withstand,
To buy his safety with her hand.

Such purpose dread could Malcolm spy
In Ellen's quivering lip and eye,

And eager rose to speak — but ere
His tongue could hurry forth his fear,
Had Douglas marked the ~~hectic~~ strife,
Where death seemed combating with life
For to her cheek, in feverish flood,
One instant rushed the throbbing blood,
Then ebbing back, with sudden sway,
Left its domain as wan as clay.
“Roderick, enough! enough!” he cried,
“My daughter cannot be thy bride;
Not that the blush to wooer dear,
Nor paleness that of maiden fear.
It may not be — forgive her, chief,
Nor hazard aught for our relief.
Against his sovereign, Douglas ne’er
Will level a rebellious spear.
'Twas I that taught his youthful hand
To rein a steed and wield a brand.
I see him yet, the princely boy!
Not Ellen more my *pride and joy;
I love him still, despite my wrongs,
By hasty wrath and slanderous tongues.
Oh seek the grace you well may find,
Without a cause to mine combined.”

Twice through the hall the Chieftain strode,
The waving of his tartans broad,
And darkened brow, where wounded pride
With ire and disappointment vied,
Seemed, by the torch's gloomy light.
Like the ill Dæmon of the night,
Stooping his pinions' shadowy sway
Upon the nighted pilgrim's way:

But, unrequited Love! thy dart
Plunged deepest its envenomed smart,
And Roderick, with thine anguish stung,
At length the hand of Douglas wrung,
While eyes, that mocked at tears before,
With bitter drops were running o'er.
The death-pangs of long-cherished hope
Scarce in that ample breast had scope,
But, struggling with his spirit proud,
Convulsive heaved its checkered shroud.
While every sob — so mute were all —
Was heard distinctly through the hall.
The son's despair, the mother's look,
Ill might the gentle Ellen brook;
She rose, and to her side there came,
To aid her parting steps, the Græme.

Then Roderick from the Douglas broke -
As flashes flame through sable smoke,
Kindling its wreaths, long, dark, and low,
To one broad blaze of ruddy glow,
So the deep anguish of despair
Burst, in fierce jealousy, to air.
With stalwart grasp his hand he laid
On Malcolm's breast and belted plaid:—
“Back, beardless boy!” he sternly said,
“Back, minion! hold'st thou thus at naught
The lesson I so lately taught?
This roof, the Douglas, and that maid
Thank thou for punishment delayed.”
Eager as grayhound on his game,
Fiercely with Roderick grappled Græme.
“Perish my name, if aught afford
Its chieftain safety, save his sword!”

Thus as they strove, their desperate hand
Griped to the dagger or the brand,
And death had been — but Douglas rose,
And thrust between the struggling foes
His giant strength: — “Chieftains, forego!
I hold the first who strikes, my foe.
Madmen, forbear your frantic jar!
What! is the Douglas fallen so far,
His daughter’s hand is deemed the spoil
Of such dishonorable broil!”
Sullen and slowly they unclasp,
As struck with shame, their desperate grasp,
And each upon his rival glared,
With foot advanced, and blade half bared.

Ere yet the brands aloft were flung,
Margaret on Roderick’s mantle hung,
And Malcolm heard his Ellen’s scream,
As faltered through terrific dream.
Then Roderick plunged in sheath his sword,
And veiled his wrath in scornful word.
“Rest safe till morning; pity ’twere
Such cheek should feel the midnight air!
Then may’st thou to James Stuart tell,
Roderick will keep the lake and fell,
Nor lackey, with his free-born clan,
The pageant pomp of earthly man.
More would he of Clan-Alpine know,
Thou canst our strength and passes show.
Malise, what ho?” — his henchman came;
“Give our safe conduct to the Græme.”
Young Malcolm answered, calm and bold,
“Fear nothing for thy favorite hold.

The spot, an angel deigned to grace,
Is blessed, though robbers haunt the place;
Thy ~~churlish~~ courtesy for those
Reserve, who fear to be thy foes.
As safe to me the mountain way
At midnight, as in blaze of day,
Though, with his boldest at his back,
Even Roderick Dhu beset the track.
Brave Douglas — lovely Ellen — nay,
Naught here of parting will I say.
Earth does not hold a lonesome glen,
So secret, but we meet agen.
Chieftain! we too shall find an hour,"
He said, and left the sylvan bower.

Old Allan followed to the strand,
(Such was the Douglas's command,)
And anxious told, how, on the morn,
The stern Sir Roderick deep had sworn,
The Fiery Cross should circle o'er
Dale, glen, and valley, down, and moor.
Much were the peril to the Græme,
From those who to the signal came;
Far up the lake 'twere safest land,
Himself would row him to the strand.
He gave his counsel to the wind,
While Malcolm did, unheeding, bind,
Round dirk and pouch and broadsword rolled,
His ample plaid in tightened fold,
And stripped his limbs to such array
As best might suit the watery way.

"Then spoke abrupt: — "Farewell to thee,
Pattern of old fidelity!"

The minstrel's hand he kindly pressed,
"Oh! could I point a place of rest!
My sovereign holds in ward my land,
My uncle leads my vassal band;
To tame his foes, his friends to aid,
Poor Malcolm has but heart and blade.
Yet, if there be one faithful Græme,
Who loves the Chieftain of his name,
Not long shall honored Douglas dwell,
Like hunted stag, in mountain cell:
Nor, ere yon pride-swollen robber dare—
I may not give the rest to air!—
Tell Roderick Dhu, I owe him naught,
Not the poor service of a boat,
To waft me to yon mountain side;"
Then plunged he in the flashing tide.
Bold o'er the flood his head he bore,
And stoutly steered him from the shore;
And Allan strained his anxious eye,
Far 'mid the lake his form to spy,
Darkening across each puny wave,
To which the moon her silver gave.
Fast as the cormorant could skim,
The swimmer plied each active limb
Then landing in the moonlight dell,
Loud shouted of his weal to tell.
The Minstrel heard the far halloo,
And joyful from the shore withdrew

CANTO THIRD.

THE GATHERING.

TIME rolls his ceaseless course. The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our marvelling boyhood legends store,
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land or sea,
How are they blotted from the things that be!
How few, all weak and withered of their force,
Wait, on the verge of dark eternity,
Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight! Time rolls his
ceaseless course.

Yet live there still who can remember well,
How, when a mountain chief his bugle blew,
Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
And solitary heath, the signal knew;
And fast the faithful clan around him drew,
What time the warning note was keenly wound,
What time aloft their kindred banner flew,
While clamorous war-pipes yelled the gathering
sound,
And while the Fiery Cross glanced, like a metcor
round.

The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch-Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees

And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast,
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to Fancy's eye.
The water lily to the light
Her chalice reared of silver bright;
The doe awoke, and to the lawn,
Begemmed with dew-drops, led her fawn
The grey mist left the mountain side,
The torrent showed its glistening pride
Invisible in flecked sky,
The lark sent down her revelry:
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush
In answer cooed the cushat dove,
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love.

No thought of peace, no thought of rest,
Assuaged the storm in Roderick's breast.
With sheathed broadsword in his hand,
Abrupt he paced the islet strand,
And eyed the rising sun, and laid
His hand on his impatient blade.
Beneath a rock, his vassals' care
Was prompt the ritual to prepare,
With deep and deathful meaning fraught,
For such Antiquity had taught
Was preface meet, ere yet abroad
The Cross of Fire should take its road.
The shrinking band stood oft aghast
At the impatient glance he cast; -

Such glance the mountain eagle threw,
As, from the cliffs of Ben-venue,
She spread her dark sails on the wind,
And high in middle heaven reclined,
With her broad shadow on the lake,
Silenced the warblers of the brake.

A heap of withered boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Rent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian the Hermit by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grisled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair;
His naked arms and legs, seamed o'er
The scars of frantic penance bore.
That Monk, of savage form and face,
The impending danger of his race
Had drawn from deepest solitude,
Far in Benharrow's bosom rude.
Not his the mien of Christian priest
But Druid's, from the grave released,
Whose hardened heart and eye might brook
On human sacrifice to look.
And much, 'twas said, of heathen lore
Mixed in the charms he muttered o'er;
The hallowed creed gave only worse
And deadlier emphasis of curse.
No peasant sought that Hermit's prayer,
His cave the pilgrim shunned with care,
The eager huntsman knew his bound,
And in mid chase called off his hound

Or if, in lonely glen or strath,
The desert-dweller met his path,
He prayed, and signed the cross between,
While terror took devotion's mien.

Of Brian's birth strange tales were told.
His mother watched a midnight fold,
Built deep within a dreary glen,
Where scattered lay the bones of men,
In some forgotten battle slain,
And bleached by drifting wind and rain.
It might have tamed a warrior's heart,
To view such mockery of his art!
The knot-grass fettered there the hand,
Which once could burst an iron band;
Beneath the broad and ample bone,
That bucklered heart to fear unknown,
A feeble and a timorous guest,
The field-fare framed her lowly nest;
There the slow blind-worm left his slime
On the fleet limbs that mocked at time;
And there, too, lay the leader's skull,
Still wreathed with chaplet flushed and full,
For heath-bell, with her purple bloom,
Supplied the bonnet and the plume.
All night, in this sad glen the maid
Sate shrouded in her mantle's shade:
— She said, no shepherd sought her side,
No hunter's hand her snood untied,
Yet ne'er again to braid her hair
The virgin snood did Alice wear:
Gone was her maiden glee and sport,
Her maiden girdle all too short,

Nor sought she, from that fatal night,
Or holy church or blessed rite,
But locked her secret in her breast,
And died in travail, unconfessed.

Alone, among his young compeers,
Was Brian from his infant years ;
A moody and heart-broken boy,
Estranged from sympathy and joy,
Bearing each taunt which careless tongue
On his mysterious lineage flung.
Whole nights he spent by moonlight pale,
To wood and stream his hap to wail.
Till, frantic, he as truth received
What of his birth the crowd believed
And sought, in mist and meteor fire,
To meet and know his Phantom Sire !
In vain to soothe his wayward fate,
The cloister oped her pitying gate ;
In vain, the learning of the age
Unclasped the sable-lettered page ;
Even in its treasures he could find
Food for the fever of his mind
Eager he read whatever tells
Of magic, cabala, and spells,
And every dark pursuit allied
To curious and presumptuous pride.
Till, with fired brain and nerves o'erstrung
And heart with mystic horrors wrung,
Desperate he sought Benharrow's den,
And hid him from the haunts of men.

The desert gave him visions wild,
Such as might suit the Spectre's child.

Where with black cliffs the torrents toil,
He watched the wheeling eddies boil,
Till, from their foam, his dazzled eyes
Beheld the river demon rise;
The mountain mist took form and limb
Of noontide hag or goblin grim;
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swelled with the voices of the dead;
Far on the future battle-heath
His eye beheld the ranks of death:
Thus the lone Seer, from mankind hurled,
Shaped forth a disembodied world.
One lingering sympathy of mind
Still bound him to the mortal kind;
The only parent he could claim
Of ancient Alpine's lineage came.
Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream;
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horseman ne'er might ride;
The thunderbolt had split the pine—
All augured ill to Alpine's line.
He girt his loins, and came to show
The signals of impending wo,
And now stood prompt to bless or ban,
As bade the Chieftain of his clan.

'Twas all prepared — and from the rock,
A goat, the patriarch of the flock,
Before the kindling pile was laid,
And pierced by Roderick's ready blade

Patient the sickening victim eyed
The life-blood ebb in crimson tide,
Down his clogged beard and shaggy limb,
Till darkness glazed his eyeballs dim.
The grisly priest, with murmuring prayer,
A slender crosslet framed with care.
A cubit's length in measure due;
The shaft and limbs were rods of yew,
Whose parents in Inch-Cailliach wave
Their shadows o'er Clan-Alpine's grave,
And, answering Lomond's breezes deep,
Soothe many a chieftain's endless sleep.
The Cross, thus formed, he held on high,
With wasted hand and haggard eye,
And strange and mingled feelings woke,
While his anathema he spoke.

"Wo to the clansman, who shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew
Where weep the heavens their holiest dew

On Alpine's dwelling low!

Deserter of his Chieftain's trust,
He ne'er shall mingle with their dust,
But from his sires and kindred thrust,
Each clansman's execration just

Shall doom him wrath and wo."

He paused — the word the vassals took,
With forward step and fiery look,
On high their naked brands they shook,
Their clattering targets wildly strook;

And first, in murmur low,
Then, like the billow in his course,
That far to seaward finds his source,

And flings to shore his mustered force,
Burst, with loud roar, their answer hoarse,

“Wo to the traitor, wo!”

Ben-an’s gray scalp the accents knew
The joyous wolf from covert drew,
The exulting eagle screamed afar—
They knew the voice of Alpine’s war.

The shout was hushed on lake and fell,
The Monk resumed his muttered spell.
Dismal and low its accents came,
The while he scathed the Cross with flame;
And the few words that reached the air,
Although the holiest name was there,
Had more of blasphemy than prayer.
But when he shook above the crowd
Its kindled points, he spoke aloud:—
“Wo to the wretch, who fails to rear
At this dread sign the ready spear!
For, as the flames this symbol sear,
His home, the refuge of his fear,

A kindred fate shall know;

Far o’er its roof the volumed flame
Clan-Alpine’s vengeance shall proclaim,
While maids and matrons on his name
Shall call down wretchedness and shame,

And infamy and wo!”

Then rose the cry of females, shrill
As goss-hawk’s whistle on the hill,
Denouncing misery and ill,
Mingled with childhood’s babbling trill

Of curses stammered slow;

Answering, with imprecation dread,
“Sunk be his home in embers red!”

And cursed be the meanest shed
That e'er shall hide the houseless head
 We doom to want and wo!"
A sharp and shrieking echo gave,
Coir-Uriskin, thy goblin cave!
And the gray pass where birches wave,
 On Beala-nam-bo.

Then deeper paused the priest anew,
And hard his laboring breath he drew,
While, with set teeth and clenched hand,
And eyes that glowed like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread,
And deadlier, on the clansman's head,
Who summoned to his Chieftain's aid,
The signal saw and disobeyed.
The crosslet's points of sparkling wood,
He quenched among the bubbling blood,
And as again the sign he reared,
Hollow and hoarse his voice was heard:
"When flits this Cross from man to man,
Vich-Alpine's summons to his clan,
Burst be the ear that fails to heed!
Palsied the foot that shuns to speed!
May ravens tear the careless eyes!
Wolves make the coward heart their prize!
As sinks the blood-stream in the earth,
So may his heart's-blood drench his hearth
As dies in hissing gore the spark,
Quench thou his light, Destruction dark,
And be the grace to him denied,
Bought by this sign to all beside!"
He ceased: no echo gave agen
The murmur of the deep Amen.

Then Roderick, with impatient look,
From Brian's hand the symbol took;
"Speed, Malise, speed!" he said, and gave
The crosslet to his henchman brave;
'The muster-place be Lanric mead —
Instant the time — speed, Malise, speed!"
Like heath-bird, when the hawks pursue,
A barge across Loch-Katrine flew;
High stood the henchman on the prow;
So rapidly the barge-men row,
The bubbles, where they launched the boat,
Were all unbroken and afloat,
Dancing in foam and ripple still,
When it had neared the mountain hill;
And from the silver beach's side
Still was the prow three fathoms wide,
When lightly bounded to the land,
The messenger of blood and brand.

Speed, Malise, speed! the dun deer's hide
On fleeter foot was never tied.
Speed, Malise speed! such cause of haste
Thine active sinews never braced.
Bend 'gainst the steepy hill thy breast,
Burst down like torrent from its crest;
With short and springing footsteps pass
The trembling bog and false morass;
Across the brook like roebuck bound,
And thread the brakes like questing hound;
The crag is high, the scaur is deep,
Yet shrink not from the desperate leap:
Parched are thy burning lips and brow
Yet by the fountain pause not now

Herald of battle, fate, and fear,
Stretch onward in thy fleet career!
The wounded hind thou track'st not now,
Pursu'st not maid through greenwood bough,
Nor pliest thou now thy flying pace
With rivals in the mountain race;
But danger, death, and warrior deed
Are in thy course — Speed, Malise, speed

Fast as the fatal symbol flies,
In arms the huts and hamlets rise;
From winding glen, from upland brown,
They poured each hardy tenant down.
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace;
He showed the sign, he named the place,
And, pressing forward like the wind,
Left clamor and surprise behind.
The fisherman forsook the strand,
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand,
With changed cheer, the mower blithe
Left in half-cut swathe his scythe;
The herds without a keeper strayed,
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,
The hunter left the stag at bay;
Prompt at the signal of alarms,
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms;
So swept the tumult and affray
Along the margin of Achray.
Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,

The lark's blithe carol from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud.
Speed, Malise, speed! the lake is past,
Duncraggan's huts appear at last,
And peep, like moss-grown rocks, half seen,
Half hidden in the copse so green;
There may'st thou rest, thy labor done,
Their Lord shall speed the signal on.
As stoops the hawk upon his prey,
The henchman shot him down the way.
— What woful accents load the gale?
The funeral yell, the female wail!
A gallant hunter's sport is o'er,
A valiant warrior fights no more.
Who, in the battle or the chase,
At Roderick's side shall fill his place! —
Within the hall, where torch's ray
Supplies the excluded beams of day,
Lies Duncan on his lowly bier,
And o'er him streams his widow's tear.
His stripling son stands mournful by,
His youngest weeps, but knows not why
The village maids and matrons round
The dismal coronach resound.

CORANACH.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain
When our need was the sorest.
The font, re-appearing,
From the rain-drops shall borrow
But to us comes no cheering,
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Take the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory;
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are searest,
But our flower was in flushing,
When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and for ever!

See Stumah, who, the bier beside,
His master's corpse with wonder eyed—
Poor Stumah! whom his least halloo
Could send like lightning o'er the dew,
Bristles his crest, and points his ears,
As if some stranger step he hears.
'Tis not a mourner's muffled tread,
Who comes to sorrow o'er the dead,
But headlong haste, or deadly fear,
Urge the precipitate career.
All stand aghast:—unheeding all,
The henchman bursts into the hall!
Before the dead man's bier he stood,
Held forth the Cross besmeared with blood!
"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! clansmen, speed!"

Angus, the heir of Duncan's line,
Sprang forth and seized the fatal sign.
In haste the stripling to his side
His father's dirk and broadsword tied;
But when he saw his mother's eye
Watch him in speechless agony,
Back to her opened arms he flew,
Pressed on her lips a fond adieu,
"Alas!" she sobbed — "and yet he gone,
And speed thee forth, like Duncan's son!"
One look he cast upon the bier,
Dashed from his eye the gathering tear,
Breathed deep, to clear his laboring breast,
And tossed aloft his bonnet crest,
Then, like the high-bred colt when freed,
First he essays his fire and speed,
He vanished, and o'er moor and moss
Sped forward with the Fiery Cross.
Suspended was the widow's tear,
While yet his footsteps she could hear;
And when she marked the henchman's eye
Wet with unwonted sympathy,
"Kinsman," she said, "his race is run,
That should have sped thine errand on;
The oak has fallen — the sapling bough
Is all Duncraggan's shelter now.
Yet trust I well, his duty done,
The orphan's God will guard my son.
And you, in many a danger true,
At Duncan's hest your blades that drew
To arms, and guard that orphan's head!
Let babes and women wail the dead."
Then weapon-clang, and martial call.
Resounded through the funeral hall

While from the walls the attendant band
Snatched sword and targe, with hurried hand,
And short and flitting energy
Glanced from the mourner's sunken eye,
As if the sounds to warrior dear
Might rouse her Duncan from his bier.
But faded soon that borrowed force;
Grief claimed his right, and tears their course.

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire, X
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.
O'er dale and hill the summons flew,
Not rest nor pause young Angus knew;
The tear that gathered in his eye,
He left the mountain breeze to dry;
Until, where Teith's young waters roll,
Betwixt him and a wooded knoll,
That grazed the sable strath with green,
The chapel of Saint Bride was seen.
Swoln was the stream, remote the bridge,
But Angus paused not on the edge;
Though the dark waves danced dizzily,
Though reeled his sympathetic eye,
He dashed amid the torrent's roar;
His right hand high the crosslet bore,
His left the pole-axe grasped, to guide
And stay his footing in the tide.
He stumbled twice — the foam splashed high,
With hoarser swell the stream raced by;
And had he fallen — for ever there,
Farewell Duncraggan's orphan heir!
But still, as if in parting life,
Firmer he grasped the Cross of strife.

Until the opposing bank he gained,
And up the chapel pathway strained.

A blithesome rout, that morning tide,
Had sought the chapel of Saint Bride.
Her troth Tombea's Mary gave
To Norman, heir of Armandave,
And, issuing from the Gothic arch,
The bridal now resumed their march.
In rude, but glad procession, came
Bonnetted sire and coif-clad dame :
And plaided youth, with jest and jeer,
Which snooded maiden would not hear,
And children, that, unwitting why,
Lent the gay shout their shrilly cry ;
And minstrels, that in measures vied
Before the young and bonny bride,
Whose downcast eye and cheek disclose
The tear and blush of morning rose.
With virgin step, and bashful hand,
She held the kerchief's snowy band ;
The gallant bridegroom, by her side,
Beheld his prize with victor's pride,
And the glad mother in her ear
Was closely whispering word of cheer.

Who meets them at the church-yard gate ?
The messenger of fear and fate !
Haste in his hurried accent lies,
And grief is swimming in his eyes.
All dripping from the recent flood,
Panting and travel-soiled he stood,
The fatal sign of fire and sword
Held forth, and spoke the appointed word.

"The muster-place is Lanrick mead;
Speed forth the signal! Norman, speed!"
And must he change so soon the hand,
Just linked to his by holy band,
For the fell cross of blood and brand?
And must the day, so blithe that rose,
And promised rapture in the close,
Before its setting hour, divide
The bridegroom from the plighted bride?
Oh fatal doom!—it must! it must!
Clan-Alpine's cause, her Chieftain's trust,
Her summons dread, brooks no delay;
Stretch to the race—away! away!

Yet slow he laid his plaid aside,
And, lingering, eyed his lovely bride,
Until he saw the starting tear
Speak wo, he might not stop to cheer;
Then, trusting not a second look,
In haste he sped him up the brook,
Nor backward glanced till on the heath
Where Lubnaig's lake supplies the Teith.
What in the racer's bosom stirred?
The sickening pang of hope deferred,
And memory, with a torturing train
Of all his morning visions vain.
Mingled with love's impatience, came
The manly thirst for martial fame;
The stormy joy of mountaineers,
Ere yet they rush upon the spears;
And zeal for clan and chieftain burning,
And hope, from well-fought field returning.
With war's red honors on his crest,
To clasp his Mary to his breast.

Stung by such thoughts, o'er bank and brae,
Like fire from flint he glanced away,
While high resolve, and feeling strong
Burst into voluntary song.

SONG.

The heath this night must be my bed
The bracken curtain for my head,
My lullaby the warder's tread,
Far, far from love and thee, Mary;
To-morrow eve, more stilly laid,
My couch may be my bloody plaid,
My vesper-song, thy wail, sweet maid
It will not waken me, Mary!

I may not, dare not, fancy now
The grief that clouds thy lovely brow;
I dare not think upon thy vow,
And all it promised me, Mary.
No fond regret must Norman know;
When bursts Clan-Alpine on the foe,
His heart must be like bended bow,
His foot like arrow free, Mary!

A time will come with feeling fraught!
For, if I fall in battle fought,
Thy hapless lover's dying thought,
Shall be a thought on thee, Mary!
And if returned from conquered foes,
How blithely will the evening close,
How sweet the linnet sing repose
To my young bride and me, Mary

Not faster o'er thy heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
Rushing in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below;
Not faster speeds it, nor so far,
As o'er thy heaths the voice of war

The signal roused to martial coil
The sullen margin of Loch-Voil,
Waked still Loch-Doine, and to the source
Alarmed, Balvaig, thy swampy course;
Thence southward turned its rapid road
Adown Strath-Gartney's valley broad,
Till rose in arms each man might claim
A portion in Clan-Alpine's name;
From the gray sire, whose trembling hand
Could hardly buckle on his brand,
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.
Each valley, each sequestered glen,
Mustered its little horde of men,
That met as torrents from the height,
In Highland dale their streams unite,
Still gathering, as they pour along,
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,
Till at the rendezvous they stood
By hundreds, prompt for blows and blood;
Each trained to arms since life began,
Owning no tie but to his clan,
No oath, but by his Chieftain's hand,
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.

That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
Surveyed the skirts of Ben-venue,
And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
To view the frontiers of Menteith.
All backward came with news of truce;
Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce,
In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
No banner waved on Cardross gate,
On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
Nor scared the herons from Loch-Con;
All seemed at peace. Now, wot ye why
The Chieftain, with such anxious eye,
Ere to the muster he repair,
This western frontier scanned with care?
In Ben-venue's most darksome cleft,
A fair, though cruel pledge was left;
For Douglas, to his promise true,
That morning from the isle withdrew,
And in a deep sequestered dell
Had sought a low and lonely cell.
By many a bard in Celtic tongue,
Has Coir-nan-Uriskin been sung;
A softer name the Saxon gave,
And called the grot the Goblin-cave

It was a wild and strange retreat,
As e'er was trod by outlaw's feet.
The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast;
Its trench had stayed full many a rock,
Hurled by primeval earthquake shock
From Ben-venue's gray summit wild
And here, in random ruin piled,

They frowned incumbent o'er the spot,
And formed the rugged sylvan grot.
The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
Unless when short and sudden shone
Some straggling beam on cliff or stone,
With such a glimpse as prophet's eye
Gains on thy depth, Futurity.
No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.
Suspended cliffs, with hideous sway,
Seemed nodding o'er the cavern gray
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wild cat leaves her young;
Yet Douglas and his daughter fair,
Sought, for a space, their safety there.
Gray Superstition's whisper dread
Debarred the spot to vulgar tread;
For there, she said, did fays resort,
And satyrs hold their sylvan court,
By moonlight tread their mystic maze,
And blast the rash beholder's gaze.

Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong,
When Roderick, with a chosen few,
Repassed the heights of Ben-venuo.
Above the Goblin-cave they go,
Through the wild pass of Beal-nam-be,

The prompt retainers speed before,
To launch the shallop from the shore,
For cross Loch-Katrine lies his way
To view the passes of Achray,
And place his clansmen in array.
Yet lags the chief in musing mind,
Unwonted sight, his men behind.
A single page, to bear his sword,
Alone attended on his lord;
The rest their way through thickets break,
And soon await him by the lake.
It was a fair and gallant sight,
To view them from the neighboring height,
By the low-levelled sunbeam's light;
For strength and stature, from the clan
Each warrior was a chosen man,
As even afar might well be seen
By their proud step and martial mien.
Their feathers dance, their tartans float,
Their targets gleam, as by the boat
A wild and warlike group they stand,
That well became such mountain strand.

Their Chief, with step reluctant, still
Was lingering on the craggy hill,
Hard by where turned apart the road
To Douglas's obscure abode.
It was but with that dawning morn
That Roderick Dhu had proudly sworn,
To drown his love in war's wild roar,
Nor think of Ellen Douglas more;
But he who stems a stream with sand,
And fetters flame with flaxen band,

Has yet a harder task to prove —
 By firm resolve to conquer love!
 Eve finds the Chief, like restless ghost,
 Still hovering near his treasure lost;
 For though his haughty heart deny
 A parting meeting to his eye,
 Still fondly strains his anxious ear
 The accents of her voice to hear,
 And inly did he curse the breeze
 That waked to sound the rustling trees.
 But, hark! what mingles in the strain?
 It is the harp of Allan-bane,
 That wakes its measures slow and high,
 Attuned to sacred minstrelsy.
 What melting voice attends the strings?
 'Tis Ellen, or an angel, sings!

HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

Ave Maria! maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!

Thou canst hear though from the wild,

Thou canst save amidst despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

Though banished, outcast, and reviled —

Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer!

Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share,

Shall seem with down of ~~elder~~ piled,

If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled,
Then, Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer!
Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Stainless styled.

Foul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair
We bow us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer!
And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

Died on the harp the closing hymn —
Unmoved in attitude and limb,
As listening still, Clan-Alpine's lord
Stood leaning on his heavy sword,
Until the page, with humble sign,
Twice pointed to the sun's decline.
Then, while his plaid he round him cast,
"It is the last time — 'tis the last" —
He muttered thrice — "the last time e'er
That angel-voice shall Roderick hear!"
It was a goading thought — his stride
Hied hastier down the mountain side;
Sullen he flung him in the boat,
And instant cross the lake it shot.
They landed in that silvery bay,
And eastward held their hasty way,
Till, with the latest beams of light,
The band arrived on Lanrick height.

Where mustered in the vale below,
Clan-Alpine's men in martial show.

A various scene the clansmen made,
Some sate, some stood, some slowly strayed;
But most, with mantles folded round,
Were couched to rest upon the ground,
Scarce to be known, by curious eye,
From the deep heather where they lie,
So well was matched the tartan screen
With heath-bell dark and brackens green;
Unless where, here and there, a blade,
Or lance's point, a glimmer made,
Like glow-worm twinkling through the shade.
But, when, advancing through the gloom,
They saw the Chieftain's eagle plume,
Their shout of welcome, shrill and wide,
Shook the steep mountain's steady side.
Thrice it arose, and lake and fell
Three times returned the martial yell.
It died upon Bochastle's plain,
And Silence claimed her evening reign

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

CANTO FOURTH.

THE PROPHECY.

"THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
Oh wilding rose, whom fancy thus endears,
I bid your blossoms in my bonnet wave,
Emblem of hope and love through future years!"
Thus spoke young Norman, heir of Armandave,
What time the sun arose on Vennachar's broad wave,

Such fond conceit, half said, half sung,
Love prompted to the bridegroom's tongue.
All while he stripped the wild-rose spray,
His axe and bow beside him lay,
For on a pass 'twixt lake and wood,
A wakeful sentinel he stood.
Hark! — on the rock a footstep rung,
And instant to his arms he sprung.
"Stand, or thou diest! — What, Malise? — soon
Art thou returned from Braes of Doune."
By thy keen step and glance I know,
Thou bring'st us tidings of the foe."
(For while the Fiery Cross hied on,
On distant scout had Malise gone.)
"Where sleeps the Chief?" the henchman said.
"Apart, in yonder misty glade;
To his lone couch I'll be your guide."
Then called a slumberer by his side,

And stirred him with his slackened bow —
“Up, up, Glentarkin! rouse thee, ho!
We seek the Chieftain; on the track,
Keep eagle watch till I come back.”

Together up the pass they sped:
“What of the foeman?” Norman said.
“Varying reports from near and far;
This certain — that a band of war
Has for two days been ready boune,
At prompt command, to march from Doune;
King James, the while, with princely powers,
Holds revelry in Stirling towers.
Soon will this dark and gathering cloud
Speak on our glens in thunder loud.
Inured to bide such bitter bout,
The warrior’s plaid may bear it out;
But, Norman, how wilt thou provide
A shelter for thy bonny bride?”
“What! know ye not that Roderick’s care
To the lone isle hath caused repair
Each maid and matron of the clan,
And every child and aged man
Unfit for arms? and given his charge,
Nor skiff nor shallop, boat nor barge,
Upon these lakes shall float at large,
But all beside the islet moor,
That such dear pledge may rest secure?”

“’Tis well advised — the Chieftain’s plan
Bespeaks the father of his clan.
But wherefore sleeps Sir Roderick Dhu
Apart from all his followers true?”

"It is, because last evening-tide
Brian an augury hath tried,
Of that dread kind which must not be
Unless in dread extremity,
The Taghairm called; by which, afar,
Our sires foresaw the events of war.
Dancraggan's milk-white bui tney slew —"

MALISE.

"Ah! well the gallant brute I knew,
The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad.
His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
His red eye glowed like fiery spark;
So fierce, so tameless, and so fleet,
Sore did he cumber our retreat,
And kept our stoutest kernes in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal 'maha.
But steep and flinty was the road,
And sharp the hurrying pikeman's goad,
And when we came to Dinnan's Row,
A child might scatheless stroke his brow."

NORMAN.

"That bull was slain; his ~~roeking~~ hide
They stretched the cataract beside,
Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.

Couched on a shelve beneath its brink,
Close where the thundering torrents sink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream,
The wizard waits prophetic dream.
Nor distant rests the Chief:—but hush!
See, gliding slow through mist and bush,
The Hermit gains yon rock, and stands
To gaze upon our slumbering bands.
Seems he not, Malise, like a ghost,
That hovers o'er a slaughtered host?
Or raven on the blasted oak,
That, watching while the deer is broke,
His morsel claims with sullen croak?"
"Peace! peace! to other than to me,
Thy words were evil augury;
But still I hold Sir Roderick's blade
Clan-Alpine's omen and her aid,
Not aught that, gleaned from heaven or hell,
Yon fiend-begotten monk can tell.
The Chieftain joins him, see—and now,
Together they descend the brow."

And, as they came with Alpine's Lord
The Hermit Monk held solemn word:
"Roderick! it is a fearful strife,
For man endowed with mortal life,
Whose shroud of sentient clay can still
Fell feverish pang and fainting chill,
Whose eye can stare in stony trance,
Whose hair can rouse like warrior's lance—
'Tis hard for such to view, unfurled,
The curtain of the future world.

Yet witness every quaking limb,
My sunken pulse, mine eyeballs dim,
My soul with harrowing anguish torn,
This for my Chieftain have I borne!
The shapes that sought my fearful couch,
An human tongue may ne'er avouch;
No mortal man — save he, who, bred
Between the living and the dead,
Is gifted beyond nature's law,
Had e'er survived to say he saw.
At length the fateful answer came,
In characters of living flame!
Not spoke in word, nor blazed in scroll,
But borne and branded on my soul;
WHICH SPILLS THE FOREMOST FOEMAN'S LIFE,
THAT PARTY CONQUERS IN THE STRIFE."

"Thanks, Brian, for thy zeal and care!
Good is thine augury, and fair.
Clan-Alpine ne'er in battle stood,
But first our broadswords tasted blood.
A surer victim still I know,
Self-offered to the auspicious blow:
A spy hath sought my land this morn,
No eve shall witness his return!
My followers guard each pass's mouth,
To east, to westward, and to south;
Red Murdoch, bribed to be his guide,
Has charge to lead his steps aside,
Till, in deep path or dingle brown,
He light on those shall bring him down.
But see, who comes his news to show
Malise! what tidings of the foe?"

"At Doune, o'er many a spear and glaive,
Two Barons proud their banners wave.
I saw the Moray's silver star,
And marked the sable pale of Mar."
"By Alpine's soul, high tidings those!
I love to hear of worthy foes.
When move they on?" To-morrow's noon
Will see them here for battle bouné."
"Then shall it see a meeting stern!—
But, for the place—say, couldst thou learn
Naught of the friendly clans of Earn?
Strengthened by them we well might bide
The battle on Benledi's side.
Thou couldst not?—well! Clan-Alpine's men
Shall man the Trosachs' shaggy glen;
Within Loch-Katrine's gorge we'll fight,
All in our maids' and matrons' sight,
Each for his hearth and household fire,
Father for child, and son for sire—
Lover for maid beloved!—but why—
Is it the breeze affects mine eye?
Or dost thou come, ill-omened tear!
A messenger of doubt or fear?
No! sooner may the Saxon lance
Unfix Benledi from his stance,
Than doubt or terror can pierce through
The unyielding heart of Roderick Dhu;
'Tis stubborn as his trusty targe.
Each to his post!—all know their charge."
The pibroch sounds, the bands advance,
The broadswords gleam, the banners dance,
Obedient to the Chieftain's glance.
I turn me from the martial roar,
And seek Coir-Uriskin once more.

Where is the Douglas? — he is gone;
And Ellen sits on the gray stone
Fast by the cave, and makes her moan;
While vainly Allan's words of cheer
Are poured on her unheeding ear.
"He will return — dear lady, trust! —
With joy return; he will — he must!
Well was it time to seek afar
Some refuge from impending war,
When e'en Clan-Alpine's rugged swarm
Are cow'd by the approaching storm.
I saw their boats, with many a light,
Floating the live-long yesternight,
Shifting like flashes darted forth
By the red streamers of the north;
I marked at morn how close they ride,
Thick moored by the lone islet's side,
Like wild ducks couching in the fen,
When stoops the hawk upon the glen.
Since this rude race dare not abide
The peril on the mainland side,
Shall not thy noble father's care
Some safe retreat for thee prepare?"

"No, Allan, no! Pretext so kind
My wakeful terrors could not blind.
When in such tender tone, yet grave,
Douglas a parting blessing gave,
The tear that glistened in his eye
Drowned not his purpose fixed and high.
My soul, though feminine and weak,
Can image his; e'en as the lake,
Itself disturbed by slightest stroke,
Reflects the invulnerable rock.

He hears reports of battle rife,
He deems himself the cause of strife
I saw him redden, when the theme
Turned, Allan, on thine idle dream,
Of Malcolm Græme in fetters bound,
Which I, thou said'st, about him wound.
Think'st thou he trowed thine omen aught?
Oh no! 'twas apprehensive thought
For the kind youth — for Roderick too —
(Let me be just) that friends so true;
In danger both, and in our cause!
Minstrel the Douglas dare not pause.
Why else that solemn warning given,
'If not on earth we meet in heaven?'
Why else, to Cambus-kenneth's fane,
If eve return him not again,
Am I to hie and make me known?
Alas! he goes to Scotland's throne,
Buys his friends' safety with his own;
He goes to do — what I had done,
Had Douglas' daughter been his son!"

"Nay, lovely Ellen! — dearest, nay!
If aught should his return delay,
He only named yon holy fane
As fitting place to meet again.
Be sure he's safe; and for the Græme,
Heaven's blessing on his gallant name;
My visioned sight may yet prove true,
Nor bode of ill to him or you.
When did my gifted dream beguile?
Think of the stranger at the isle,
And think upon the harpings slow,
That presaged this approaching wo!

Sooth was my prophecy of fear,
Believe it when it augurs cheer.
Would we had left this dismal spot!
Ill luck still haunts a fairy grot,
Of such a wond'rous tale I know —
Dear lady, change that look of wo!
My heart was wont thy grief to cheer —

ELLEN.

“Well, be it as thou wilt; I hear,
But cannot stop the bursting tear.”
The Minstrel tried his simple art,
But distant far was Ellen's heart.

BALLAD.

ALICE BRAND.

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are at bay,
And the hunter's horn is ringing.

“Oh Alice Brand! my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do.

“Oh Alice! 'twas all for thy locks so bright,
And 'twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight,
Thy brother bold I slew.

"Now must I teach to hew the beech,
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave

"And for vest of pall, thy fingers smail,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughtered deer,
To keep the cold away."

"Oh Richard! if my brother died,
'Twas but a fatal chance;
For darkling was the battle tried,
And Fortune sped the lance.

"If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we'll say, is the russet gray,
As gay the forest green.

"And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richard,
And he his Alice Brand."

BALLAD — CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beach's pride, and the oak's brown side,
Lord Richard's axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody ~~Elfin King~~,
Who won'd within the hill —
Like wind in the porch of a ruined church,
His voice was ghostly shrill.

Why sounds yon stroke on beach and oak.
Our moonlight circle's screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer,
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairy's fatal green?

"Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert ~~christened~~ man;
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For muttered word or ban.

"Lay on him the curse of the withered heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die."

BALLAD — CONTINUED.

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have stilled their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is faggots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he crossed and blessed himself,
"I fear not sign," quoth the grisly elf,
"That is made with bloody hands."

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear—
“And if there’s blood upon his hand,
’Tis but the blood of deer.”

“Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood,
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand”

Then forward stepped she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign—
“And if there’s blood on Richard’s hand
A spotless hand is mine.

“And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself?
And what thine errand here?”

BALLAD — CONTINUED.

“’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch’s side
With bit and bridle ringing:

“And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December’s beam
Can dart on ice and snow

“And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

“It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy king has power
That I sank down in a sinful fray,
And, ’twixt life and death, was snatched away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

“But wist I of a woman bold,
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mold
As fair a form as thine.”

She crossed him once — she crossed him **twice** —
That lady was so brave ;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She crossed him thrice, that lady bold ;
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mold,
Her brother, Ethert Brand !

Merry it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
But merrier were they in Dunfermline gray
When all the bells were ringing.

Just as the minstrel’s sounds were staid,
A stranger climbed the steepy glade .

His martial step, his stately mien,
His hunting-suit of Lincoln green,
His eagle glance remembrance claims —
’Tis Snowdown’s Knight — ’tis James Fitz-
James!

Ellen beheld, as in a dream,
Then starting, scarce suppressed a scream
“Oh stranger! in such hour of fear,
What evil hap has brought thee here?”
‘An evil hap how can it be,
That bids me look again on thee?
By promise bound, my former guide
Met me betimes this morning tide,
And marshalled, over bank and bourne,
The happy path of my return.”
“The happy path! — what! said he naught
Of war, of battle to be fought,
Of guarded pass?” — “No, by my faith!
Nor saw I aught could augur scathe.”
“Oh haste thee Allan, to the kern
— Yonder his tartans I discern;
Learn thou his purpose, and conjure
That he will guide the stranger sure! —
What prompted thee, unhappy man?
The meanest serf in Roderick’s clan
Had not been bribed by love or fear,
Unknown to him, to guide thee here.”

“Sweet Ellen, dear my life must be,
Since it is worthy care from thee;
Yet life I hold but idle breath,
When love or honor’s weighed with death.
Then let me profit by my chance,
And speak my purpose bold at once

I come to bear thee from a wild,
Where ne'er before such blossom **smiled**
By this soft hand to lead thee far
From frantic scenes of feud and war
Near Bochastle my horses wait;
They bear us soon to Stirling gate.
I'll place thee in a lovely bower,
I'll guard thee like a tender flower——”
“Oh! hush, Sir Knight! 'twere female **art**
To say I do not read thy heart;
Too much, before, my selfish ear
Was idly soothed my praise to hear.
That fatal bait hath lured thee back,
In deathful hour, o'er dangerous track;
And how, oh how can I atone
The wreck my vanity brought on!
One way remains — I'll tell him all —
Yes, struggling bosom, forth it shall!
Thou, whose light folly bears the blame,
Buy thine own pardon with thy shame!
But first — my father is a man
Outlawed and exiled, under ban;
The price of blood is on his head,
With me 'twere infamy to wed.
Still would'st thou speak? — then hear the **truth!**
Fitz-James, there is a noble youth —
If yet he is! — exposed for me
And mine to dread extremity —
Thou hast the secret of my heart;
Forgive, be generous, and depart.”

(Fitz-James knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain,
But here he knew and felt them vain,

There shot no glance from Ellen's eye,
To give her steadfast speech the lie;
In maiden confidence she stood,
'Though mantled in her cheek the blood,
And told her love with such a sigh
Of deep and hopeless agony,
As death had sealed her Malcolm's doom,
And she sat sorrowing on his tomb.
Hope vanished from Fitz-James's eye,
But not with hope fled sympathy.
He proffered to attend her side,
As brother would a sister guide.
"Oh! little knowest thou Roderick's heart!
Safer for both we go apart.
Oh haste thee, and from Allan learn,
If thou may'st trust yon wily kern."
With hand upon his forehead laid,
The conflict of his mind to shade,
A parting step or two he made;
Then, as some thought had crossed his brain,
He paused, and turned, and came again.

"Hear, lady, yet, a parting word! —
It chanced in fight that my poor sword
Preserved the life of Scotland's lord.
This ring the grateful Monarch gave,
And bade, when I had boon to crave,
To bring it back, and boldly claim
The recompense that I would name.
Ellen, I am no courtly lord,
But one who lives by lance and sword,
Whose castle is his helm and shield,
His lordship, the embattled field.

What from a prince can I demand,
Who neither reck of state nor land?
Ellen, thy hand — the ring is thine;
Each guard and usher knows the sign.
Seek thou the king without delay;
This signet shall secure thy way;
And claim thy suit, whate'er it be,
As ransom of his pledge to me."
He placed the golden circlet on,
Paused — kissed her hand — and then was gone.
The aged Minstrel stood aghast,
So hastily Fitz-James shot past.
He joined his guide, and wending down
The ridges of the mountain brown,
Across the stream they took their way,
That joins Loch-Katrine to Achray.

All in the Trosachs' glen was still,
Noontide was sleeping on the hill:
Sudden his guide whooped loud and high
"Murdoch! was that a signal cry?"
He stammered forth — "I shout to scare
Yon raven from his dainty fare."
He looked — he knew the raven's prey,
His own brave steed: — "Ah! gallant gray!
For thee — for me perchance — 'twere well
We ne'er had seen the Trosachs' dell.
Murdoch, move first — but silently;
Whistle or whoop, and thou shalt die."
Jealous and sullen on they faced,
Each silent, each upon his guard.

Now wound the path its dizzy ledge
Around a precipice's edge,

When lo! a wasted female form,
Blighted by wrath of sun and storm,
In tattered weeds and wild array,
Stood on a cliff beside the way,
And glancing round her restless eye
Upon the wood, the rock, the sky,
Seemed naught to mark, yet all to spy.
Her brow was wreathed with gaudy broom;
With gesture wild she waved a plume
Of feathers, which the eagles fling
To crag and cliff from dusky wing
Such spoils her desperate foot had sought,
Where scarce was footing for the goat.
The tartan plaid she first descried,
And shrieked, till all the rocks replied;
As loud she laughed when near they drew,
For then the Lowland garb she knew;
And then her hands she wildly wrung,
And then she wept, and then she sung.
She sung! — the voice, in better time,
Perchance to harp or lute might chime;
And now, though strained and roughened, still
Rung wildly sweet to dale and hill.

SONG.

“They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say my brain is warped and wrung.
I cannot sleep on Highland brae,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.
But were I now where Allan glides,
Or heard my native Devan’s tides,
So sweetly would I rest and pray
That heaven would close my wintery day:

"'Twas thus my hair they bade me braid,
They bade me to the church repair;
It was my bridal morn, they said,
And my true-love would meet me there,
But wo betide the cruel guile,
That drowned in blood the morning smile!
And wo betide the fairy dream!
I only waked to sob and scream."

"Who is this maid? what means her lay?
She hovers o'er the hollow way,
And flutters wide her mantle gray,
As the lone heron spreads his wing,
By twilight, o'er a haunted spring."
"'Tis Blanche of Devan," Murdoch said,
"A crazed and captive Lowland maid,
Ta'en on the morn she was a bride,
When Roderick forayed Devan-side.
The gay bridegroom resistance made,
And felt our Chief's unconquered blade.
I marvel she is now at large,
But oft she 'scapes from Maudlin's charge;
Hence, brain-sick fool!" He raised his bow
"Now, if thou strik'st her but one blow,
I'll pitch thee from the cliff as far
As ever peasant pitched a bar."
"Thanks, champion, thanks!" the Maniac **cried**,
And pressed her to Fitz-James's side.
"See the gray pennons I prepare,
To seek my true-love through the air!
I will not lend that savage groom,
To break his fall, one downy plume!
No!—deep amid disjointed stones,
The wolves shall batten on his bones.

And then shall our detested plaid,
By bush and brar in mid-air staid,
Wave forth a banner fair and free,
Meet signal for their revelry."

"Hush thee, poor maiden, and be still."
"Oh! thou look'st kindly, and I will.
Mine eye has dried and wasted been,
But still it loves the Lincoln green;
And, though mine ear is all unstrung,
Still, still it loves the Lowland tongue.

For oh my sweet William was forester true,
He stole poor Blanche's heart away!
His coat it was all of the greenwood hue,
And so blithely he trilled the Lowland lay'

It was not that I meant to tell....
But thou art wise, and guessest well."
Then, in a low and broken tone,
And hurried note, the song went on.
Still on the Clansman, fearfully,
She fixed her apprehensive eye;
Then turned it on the Knight, and then
Her look glanced wildly o'er the glen

"The toils are pitched, and the stakes are set,
Ever sing merrily, merrily;
The bows they bend, and the knives they whet,
Hunters live so cheerily.

"It was a stag, a stag of ten,
Bearing his branches sturdily;
He came stately down the glen,
Ever sing hardily, hardily.

"I. was there he met with a wounded doe
She was bleeding deathfully;
She warned him of the toils below,
Oh so faithfully, faithfully!

"He had an eye, and he could heed,
Ever sing warily, warily;
He had a foot, and he could speed —
Hunters watch so narrowly."

Fitz-James's mind was passion-tossed,
When Ellen's hints and fears were lost
But Murdoch's shout suspicion wrought,
And Blanche's song conviction brought
Not like a stag that spies the snare,
But lion of the hunt aware,
He waved at once his blade on high,
"Disclose thy treachery or die!"
Forth at full speed the Clansman flew,
But in his race his bow he drew;
The shaft just grazed Fitz-James's crest,
And thrilled in Blanche's faded breast.
Murdoch of Alpine! prove thy speed,
For ne'er had Alpine's son such need!
With heart of fire, and foot of wind
The fierce avenger is behind!
Fate judges of the rapid strife —
The forfeit, death — the prize is life

Thy kindred ambush lies before,
Close couched upon the heathery moor;
Them couldst thou reach—it may not be—
Thine ambushed kin thou ne'er shalt see,
The fiery Saxon gains on thee!
Resistless speeds the deadly thrust,
As lightning strikes the pine to dust;
With foot and hand Fitz-James must strain,
Ere he can win his blade again.
Bent o'er the fall'n, with falcon eye,
He grimly smiled to see him die;
Then slowly wended back his way
Where the poor maiden bleeding lay.

She sate beneath the birchen tree,
Her elbow resting on her knee;
She had withdrawn the fatal shaft,
And gazed on it, and feebly laughed.
Her wreath of broom and feathers gray,
Daggled with blood, beside her lay.
The Knight to staunch the life-stream tried
“Stranger, it is in vain!” she cried;
“This hour of death has given me more
Of reason's power than years before;
For, as these ebbing veins decay,
My frenzied visions fade away.
A helpless injured wretch I die,
And something tells me in thine eye,
That thou wert mine avenger born.
Seest thou this tress? Oh! still I've worn
This little tress of yellow hair,
Through danger, frenzy, and despair!
It once was bright and clear as thine,
But blood and tears have dimmed its shine.

I will not tell thee when 'twas shred,
Nor from what guiltless victim's head —
My brain would turn! — but it shall wave
Like plumage on thy helmet brave,
Till sun and wind shall bleach the stain
And thou will bring it me again.
I waver still! — Oh God! more bright
Let Reason beam her parting light! —
Oh! by thy knighthood's honored sign,
And for thy life preserved by mine,
When thou shalt see a darksome man,
Who boasts him Chief of Alpine's clan,
With tartans broad and shadowy plume,
And hand of blood, and brow of gloom,
Be thy heart bold, thy weapon strong,
And wreak poor Blanche of Devan's wrong! —
They watch for thee by pass and fell...
Avoid the path... Oh God!... farewell!"

A kindly heart had brave Fitz-James,
Fast poured his eye at pity's claims;
And now, with mingled grief and ire,
He saw the murdered maid expire,
"God, in my need, be my relief,
As I wreak this on yonder Chief!" —
A lock from Blanche's tresses fair
He blended with her bridegroom's hair;
The mingled braid in blood he dyed,
And placed it on his bonnet side:
"By Him whose word is truth! I swear
No other favor will I wear,
Till this sad token I embrue
In the best blood of Roderick Dhu!
But hark! what means yon faint halloo?"

The chase is up — but they shall know
The stag at bay's a dangerous foe."
Barred from the known but guarded way,
Through copse and cliffs Fitz-James must stray,
And oft must change his desperate track,
By stream and precipice turned back.
Heartless, fatigued, and faint, at length,
From lack of food and loss of strength,
He couched him in a thicket hoar,
And thought his toils and perils o'er:—
"Of all my rash adventures past,
This frantic feat will prove the last!
Who e'er so mad but might have guessed,
That all this Highland hornet's nest
Would muster up in swarms so soon
As e'er they heard of bands at Doune?
Like bloodhounds now they search me out—
Hark, to the whistle and the shout!
If farther through the wilds I go,
I only fall upon the foe;
I'll couch me here till evening gray,
Then darkling try my dangerous way."

The shades of eve come slowly down,
The woods are wrapped in deeper brown,
The owl awakens from her dell,
The fox is heard upon the fell;
Enough remains of glimmering light
To guide the wanderer's steps aright,
Yet not enough from far to show
His figure to the watchful foe.
With cautious step, and ear awake,
He climbs the crag and threads the brake

And not the summer solstice, there,
Tempered the midnight mountain air,
But every breeze that swept the wold,
Benumbed his drenched limbs with cold.
In dread, in danger, and alone,
Famished and chilled, through ways unknown,
Tangled and steep, he journeyed on;
Till, as a rock's huge point he turned,
A watch-fire close before him burned.

Beside its embers red and clear,
Basked, in his plaid, a mountaineer;
And up he sprung, with sword in hand —
"Thy name and purpose! Saxon, stand!"
"A stranger." "What dost thou require!"
"Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale has chilled my limbs with frost."
"Art thou a friend to Roderick!" "No."
"Thou dardest not call thyself his foe?"
"I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand."
"Bold words! — but, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim,
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hounds we slip, or bow we bend,
Who ever recked, where, how, or when,
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus, treacherous scouts — yet sure they lie,
Who say thou cam'st a secret spy!"
"They do, by Heaven! Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And let me but till morning rest,
I write the falsehood on their crest."

If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of Knight."
"Then, by these tokens may'st thou know,
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe."
"Enough, enough; sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare"

He gave him of his Highland cheer,
The hardened flesh of mountain deer;
Dry fuel on the fire he laid,
And bade the Saxon share his plaid.
He tended him like welcome guest,
Then thus his further speech addressed:
"Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true;
Each word against his honor spoke,
Demands of me avenging stroke;
Yet more — upon thy fate, 'tis said,
A mighty augury is laid.
It rests with me to wind my horn,
Thou art with numbers overborne;
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand:
But not for clan nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws:
To assail a wearied man were shame,
A stranger is a holy name;
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Then rest thee here till dawn of day;
Myself will guide thee on the way,
O'er stock and stone, through watch and ward,
Till past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard,

As far as Coilantogle's ford —
From thence thy warrant is thy sword."
"I take thy courtesy, by Heaven,
As freely as 'tis nobly given!"
"Well, rest thee; for the bittern's cry
Sings us the lake's wild lullaby."
With that he shook the gathered heath, •
And spread his plaid upon the wreath;
And the brave foemen, side by side,
Lay peaceful down like brothers tried,
And slept until the dawning beam
Purpled the mountain and the stream.

CANTO FIFTH.

THE COMBAT.

FAIR as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow
Of war.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw,
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path! they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hill sinks down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge, Benledi rose;
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath steep bank and threatening stone;

An hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host,
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill,
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rocks, and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu?

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamed not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came
Bewildered in pursuit of game.
All seemed as peaceful and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep, perchance, the villain lied."

"Yet why a second venture try."
"A warrior thou, and ask me why?
Moves our free course by such fixed cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide,
A falcon flown, a grayhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not,
Yet, ere again ye sought 'his spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine raised by Mar?"
"No, by my word; of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."
"Free be they flung!—for we were loth
Their silken folds should feast the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave
But, Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you show
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"—
"Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Naught of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,

Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."

Wrotful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the Clansman's sable scowl,
A space he paused, then sternly said —
"And heard'st thou why he drew his blade?
Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What reck'd the Chieftain, if he stood
On Highland heath or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of heaven."
"Still was it outrage; — yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command.
The young king, mewed in Sterling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life! —
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain —
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul foray borne."

The Gael beheld him grim the while,
And answered with disdainful smile —

' Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pasture green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where dwell we now? See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer or household bread,
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply —
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay, by my soul!—While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one ~~shock of~~ grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze —
The Gael, of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs, who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."

Answered Fitz-James — “And, if I sought,
Think’st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid,
My life given o’er to ambuscade?”

“As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst thou sent warning fair and true—
I seek my hound or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfil an augury.”

“Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride;
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine’s glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady’s bower,
Ne’er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band.”

“Have then thy wish!” — he whistled shrill
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;


On right, on left, above, below,
Sprang up at once the lurking foe ;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrior armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still.
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James — "How sa'st thou now ?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true
And, Saxon — I am Roderick Dhu !"

Fitz-James was brave : — though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start ;
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before ; —

"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I!"
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand;
Down sank the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sank brand and spear, and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;
Such apparitions well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
"Fear naught—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford:

Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”
They moved:—I said Fitz-James was brave
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonored and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free, till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near
To hide a bonnet or a spear.



The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore.

Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said :
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."

The Saxon paused:—I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death,
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well reserved.—
Can naught but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none
And hear—to fire thy flagging zeal—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel,
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead:

'Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
His party conquers in the strife.'"
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,
I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That, to thy native strength restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye--
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kern ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.
Not yet prepared? By heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein

Now, truce, farewell! and ruth, be gone! —
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not — doubt not — which thou wilt —
We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.”
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne’er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

(Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James’s blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood —
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain,
And, as firm rock, a castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,

The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill,
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

"Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"
"Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield who fears to die."
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain!—down, down, they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below!
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed.
His knee was planted in his breast;
His clotted locks he backward threw,
Across his brow his hand he drew,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;

For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye,
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

He faltered thanks to heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhopèd, from desperate strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast,
Whose every gasp appeared his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid,
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid;
Yet with thy foe must die, or live,
The praise that Faith and Valor give."
With that he blew a bugle-note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonnetted, and by the wave
Sate down his brow and hands to lave
Then faint afar are heard the feet
Of rushing steeds in gallop fleet;
The sounds increase, and now are seen
Four mounted squires in Lincoln green;
Two who bear lance, and two who lead,
By loosened rein, a saddled steed;
Each onward held his headlong course,
And by Fitz-James reined up his horse,
With wonder viewed the bloody spot—
"Exclaim not gallants! question not.
You, Herbert and Luffness, alight,
And bind the wounds of yonder knight

Let the gray palfrey bear his weight,
We destined for a fairer freight,
And bring him on to Stirling straight;
I will before at better speed,
To seek fresh horse and fitting weed.
The sun rides high; I must be bounè
To see the archer-game at noon;
But lightly Bayard clears thê lea.
De Vaux and Herries, follow me!

“Stand, Bayard, stand!” the steed obeyed,
With arching neck and bended head,
And glancing eye, and quivering ear,
As if he loved his lord to hear.
No foot Fitz-James in stirrup staid,
No grasp upon the saddle laid,
But wreathed his left hand in the mane,
And lightly bounded from the plain,
Turned on the horse his armed heel,
And stirred his courage with the steel.
Bounded the fiery steed in air,
The rider sate erect and fair,
Then, like a bolt, from steel cross-bow
Forth launched, along the plain they go.
They dashed that rapid torrent through,
And up Carhonie’s hill they flew;
Still at the gallop pricked the knight,
His merry-men followed as they might.
Along thy banks, swift Teith! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstown lies behind them cast;
They rise, the bannered towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon;

Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochertyre;
They mark just glance and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Keir;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth! amid thy sluggish tides,
And on the opposing shore take ground,
With splash, with scramble, and with bound.
Right hand they leave thy cliffs, Craig-fortu.
And soon the bulwark of the North,
Gray Stirling, with her towers and town,
Upon their fleet career looked down.

As up the flinty path they strained,
Sudden his steed the leader reined;
A signal to his squire he flung,
Who instant to his stirrup sprung:—
"Seest thou, De Vaux, yon woodsman gray,
Who townward holds the rocky way,
Of stature tall and poor array?
Mark'st thou the firm, yet active stride,
With which he scales the mountain side?
Know'st thou from whence he comes, or whom?"
"No, by my word;—a burly groom
He seems, who in the field or chase
A Baron's train would nobly grace."
"Out, out, De Vaux! can fear supply
And jealousy, no sharper eye?
Afar, ere to the hill he drew,
That stately form and step I knew;
Like form in Scotland is not seen,
Treads not such step on Scottish green.
'Tis James of Douglas, by Saint Serle!
The uncle of the banished Earl."

Away, away, to court, to show
The near approach of dreaded foe :
The King must stand upon his guard .
Douglas and he must meet prepared .”
Then right hand wheeled their steeds, and
straight
They won the castle's postern gate.

The Douglas, who had bent his way
From Cambus-Kenneth's abbey gray,
Now, as he climbed the rocky shelf,
Held sad communion with himself : —
“ Yes ! all is true my fears could frame
A prisoner lies the noble Græme,
And fiery Roderick soon will feel
The vengeance of the royal steel.
I, only I, can ward their fate —
God grant the ransom come not late !
The Abbess hath her promise given,
My child shall be the bride of heaven ; -
Be pardoned one repining tear !
For He who gave her, knows how dear,
How excellent — but that is by,
And now my business is to die.
Ye towers ! within whose circuit dread
A Douglas by his sovereign bled,
And thou, oh sad and fatal mound !
That oft has heard the death-axe sound,
As on the noblest of the land
Fell the stern headsman's bloody hand —
The dungeon, block, and nameless tomb
Prepare — for Douglas seeks his doom !
But hark ! what blithe and jolly peal
Makes the Franciscan steeple reel ?

And see! upon the crowded street,
In motley groups what maskers meet
Banner, and pageant, pipe and drum,
And merry morrice-dancers come.
I guess, by all this quaint array,
The burghers hold their sports to-day,
James will be there — he loves such show,
Where the good yeoman bends his bow,
And the tough wrestler foils his foe,
As well as where, in proud career,
The high-born tilter shivers spear.
I'll follow to the Castle-park,
And play my prize — King James shall mark,
If age has tamed these sinews stark,
Whose force so oft, in happier days,
His boyish wonder loved to praise."

The Castle gates were open flung,
The quivering draw-bridge rocked and rung,
And echoed loud the flinty street
Beneath the coursers' clattering feet,
As slowly down the deep descent
Fair Scotland's King and nobles went,
While all along the crowded way
Was jubilee and loud huzza.
And ever James was bending low,
To his white jennet's saddle-bow,
Doffing his cap to city dame,
Who smiled and blushed for pride and ~~was~~,
And well the simperer might be vain --
He chose the fairest of the train.
Gravely he greets each city sire,
Commends each pageant's quaint attire,

Gives to the dancers thanks aloud,
And smiles and nods upon the crowd,
Who rend the heavens with their acclaims,
"Long live the Commons' King, King James!"
Behind the King thronged peer and knight,
And noble dame and damsel bright,
Whose fiery steeds ill brooked the stay
Of the steep street and crowded way.
But in the train you might discern
Dark lowering brow and visage stern:
Then nobles mourned their pride restrained,
And the mean burghers' joys disdained;
And chiefs, who, hostage for their clan,
Were each from home a banished man,
There thought upon their own gray tower,
Their waving woods, their feudal power,
And deemed themselves a shameful part
Of pageant, which they cursed in heart.
Now in the Castle-park, drew out
Their checkered bands the joyous route.
There morricers, with bell at heel,
And blade in hand, their mazes wheel;
But chief, beside the butts, there stand
Bold Robin Hood and all his band —
Friar Tuck with quarter-staff and cowl,
Old Scathelocke with his surly scowl,
Maid Marian, fair as ivory bone,
Scarlet, and Mutch, and Little John;
Their bugles challenge all that will,
In archery to prove their skill.
The Douglas bent a bow of might —
His first shaft centered in the white,
And when in turn he shot again,
His second split the first in twain.

From the King's hand must Douglas take
A silver dart, the archers, stake,
Fondly he watched, with watery eye,
Some answering glance of sympathy —
No kind emotion made reply!
Indifferent as to archer wight,
The monarch gave the arrow bright.

Now, clear the ring! for, hand to hand,
The manly wrestlers take their stand.
Two o'er the rest superior rose,
And proud demanded mightier foes,
Nor called in vain; for Douglas came.
— For life, is Hugh of Lambert lame;
Scarce better John of Alloa's fare,
Whom senseless home his comrades bear
Prize of the wrestling match, the King
To Douglas gave a golden ring,
While coldly glanced his eye of blue,
As frozen drop of winter dew.
Douglas would speak, but in his breast
His struggling soul his words suppressed:
Indignant, then, he turned him where
Their arms the brawny yeomen bare,
To hurl the massive bar in air.
When each his utmost strength had shown,
The Douglas rent an earth-fast stone
From its deep bed, then heaved it high,
And sent the fragment through the sky,
A rood beyond the farthest mark;
And still, in Stirling's royal park,
The gray-haired sires who know the past
To strangers point the Douglas-cast,

And moralize on the decay
Of Scottish strength in modern day.

The vale with loud applauses rang,
The Ladies' Rock sent back the clang;
The King, with look unmoved, bestowed
A purse well filled with pieces broad.
Indignant smiled the Douglas proud,
And threw the gold among the crowd,
Who now, with anxious wonder, scan,
And sharper glance, the dark gray man;
Till whispers rose among the throng,
That heart so free, and hand so strong,
Must to the Douglas' blood belong:
The old men marked, and shook the head,
To see his hair with silver spread,
And winked aside, and told each son
Of feats upon the English done,
Ere Douglas of the stalwart hand
Was exiled from his native land.
The women praised his stately form,
Though wrecked by many a winter's storm;
The youth, with awe and wonder, saw
His strength surpassing Nature's law.
Thus judged, as is their wont, the crowd,
Till murmurs rose to clamors loud.
But not a glance from that proud ring
Of peers who circled round the King,
With Douglas held communion kind,
Or called the banished man to mind;
No, not from those who, at the chase,
Once held his side the honored place,
Begirt his board, and, in the field,
Found safety underneath his shield.

For he, whom royal eyes disown,
When was his form to courtiers known!

The Monarch saw the gambols flag,
And bade let loose a gallant stag,
Whose pride, the holiday to crown,
Two favorite grayhounds should pull down,
That vension free, and Bourdeaux wine,
Might serve the archery to dine.
But Lufra — whom from Douglas' side
Nor bribe nor threat could e'er divide —
The fleetest hound in all the North,
Brave Lufra saw, and darted forth.
She left the royal hounds mid-way,
And dashing on the antlered prey,
Sank her sharp muzzle in his flank,
And deep the flowing life-blood drank.
The King's stout huntsman saw the sport
By strange intruder broken short,
Came up, and, with his leash unbound,
In anger struck the noble hound.
The Douglas had endured, that morn,
The King's cold look, the nobles' scorn,
And last, and worst to spirit proud,
Had borne the pity of the crowd;
But Lufra had been fondly bred,
To share his board, to watch his bed;
And oft would Ellen, Lufra's neck,
In maiden glee, with garlands deck;
They were such playmates, that with name
Of Lufra, Ellen's image came.
His stifled wrath is brimming high,
In darkened brow and flashing eye;

As waves before the bark divide,
The crowd gave way before his stride;
Needs but a buffet and no more,
The groom lies senseless in his gore.
Such blow no other hand could deal,
Though gauntleted in glove of steel

Then clamored loud the royal train,
And brandished swords and staves amain;
But stern the Baron's warning — "Back!
Back on your lives, ye menial pack!
Beware the Douglas. Yes! behold,
King James, the Douglas, doomed of old,
And vainly sought for near and far,
A victim to atone the war.
A willing victim, now attends,
Nor craves thy grace but for his friends."
"Thus is my clemency repaid?
Presumptuous lord!" the Monarch said;
"Of thy mis-proud ambitious clan,
Thou, James of Bothwell, wert the man,
The only man, in whom a foe
My woman-mercy would not know:
But shall a Monarch's presence brook
Injurious blow, and haughty look?
What ho! the Captain of our Guard!
Give the offender fitting ward.
Break off the sports!" for tumult rose,
And yeoman 'gan to bend their bows —
"Break off the sports!" he said, and frowned
"And bid our horseman clear the ground."

Then uproar wild and misarray
Marred the fair form of festal day.

The horsemen pricked among the crowd,
Repelled by threats and insult loud;
To earth are borne the old and weak,
The timorous fly, the women shriek,
With flint, with shaft, with staff, with bar
The hardier urge tumultuous war.
At once round Douglas darkly sweep
The royal spears in circle deep,
And slowly scale the pathway steep,
While on their rear in thunder pour
The rabble with disordered roar.
With grief the noble Douglas saw
The commons rise against the law,
And to the leading soldier said,
"Sir John of Hyndford! 'twas my blade
That knighthood on thy shoulder laid;
For that good deed, permit me, then,
A word with these misguided men.

"Hear, gentle friends! ere yet, for me,
Ye break the bands of fealty.
My life, my honor, and my cause,
I tender free to Scotland's laws.
Are these so weak as must require
The aid of your misguided ire?
Or, if I suffer causeless wrong,
Is then my selfish rage so strong,
My sense of public weal so low,
That, for mean vengeance on a foe,
Those chords of love I should unbind,
Which knit my country, and my kind?
Oh no! Believe, in yonder tower
It will not soothe my captive hour,

To know those spears our foes should dread,
For me in kindred gore are red ;
To know, in fruitless brawl begun,
For me, that mother wails her son :
For me, that widow's mate expires,
For me, that orphans weep their sires,
That patriots mourn insulted laws,
And curse the Douglas for the cause.
Oh let your patience ward such ill,
And keep your right to love me still!"

The crowd's wild fury sunk again
In tears, as tempests melt in rain.
With lifted hands and eyes, they prayed
For blessings on his generous head,
Who for his country felt alone.
Who prized her blood beyond his own.
Old men, upon the verge of life,
Blessed him who staid the civil strife,
And mothers held their babes on high,
The self-devoted chief to spy,
Triumphant over wrong and ire,
To whom the prattlers owed a sire :
Even the rough soldier's heart was moved,
As if behind some bier beloved,
With trailing arms and drooping dead,
The Douglas up the hill he led,
And at the castle's battled verge,
With sighs, resigned his honored charge.

The offended Monarch rode apart,
With bitter thought and swelling heart,
And would not now vouchsafe again
Through Stirling streets to lead his train.

“Oh Lennox, who would wish to rule
This changling crowd, this common fool;
Hear'st thou,” he said, “the loud acclaim
With which they shout the Douglas name?
With like acclaim, the vulgar throat
Strained for King James their morning note;
With like acclaim they hailed the day
When first I broke the Douglas' sway;
And like acclaim would Douglas greet,
If he could hurl me from my seat.
Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,
Fantastic, fickle, fierce, and vain?
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream;
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster-thing,
Oh who could wish to be thy king!

“But soft! what messenger of speed
Spurs hitherward his panting steed?
I guess his cognizance afar —
What from our cousin, John of Mar?”
“He prays, my liege, your sports keep bound
Within the safe and guarded ground:
For some foul purpose yet unknown —
Most sure for evil to the throne —
The outlawed Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Has summoned his rebellious crew;
'Tis said, in James of Bothwell's aid
These loose banditti stand arrayed
The Earl of Mar, this morn, from Doune,
To break their muster marched, and soon

Your grace will hear of battle fought;
But earnestly the Earl besought,
Till for such danger he provide,
With scanty train you will not ride."

Thou warn'st me I have done amiss,
I should have earlier looked to this:
I lost it in this bustling day.
Retrace with speed thy former way;
Spare not for spoiling of thy steed,
The best of mine shall be thy meed,
Say to our faithful Lord of Mar,
We do forbid the intended war!
Roderick, this morn, in single fight,
Was made our prisoner by a knight,
And Douglas hath himself and cause
Submitted to our kingdom's laws.
The tidings of their leaders lost
Will soon dissolve the mountain host,
Nor would we that the vulgar feel,
For their Chief's crimes, avenging steel.
Bear Mar our message, Braco, fly."
He turned his steed — "My liege, I hie,
Yet, ere I cross this lily lawn,
I fear the broadswords will be drawn."
The turf the flying courser spurned,
And to his towers the King returned.

Ill with King James's mood that day
Suited gay feast and minstrel lay;
Soon was dismissed the courtly throng
And soon cut short the festal song.
Nor less upon the saddened town
The evening sank in sorrow down;

The burghers spoke of civil jar,
Of rumored feuds and mourtain war,
Of Moray, Mar, and Roderick Dhu,
All up in arms: the Douglas too,
They mourned him pent within the hold
Where stout Earl William was of old;
And there his word the speaker staid,
And finger on his lip he laid,
Or pointed to his dagger blade.
But jaded horsemen from the west,
At evening to the castle pressed;
And busy talkers said they bore
Tidings of fight on Katrine's shore:
At noon the deadly fray begun,
And lasted till the set of sun.
Thus giddy rumor shook the town,
'Till closed the Night her pennons crowl.

CANTO SIXTH.

THE GUARD-ROOM.

THE sun, awakening, through the smoky air
Of the dark city casts a sullen glance,
Rousing each caitiff to his task of care,
Of sinful man the sad inheritance;
Summoning revellers from the lagging dance,
Scaring the prowling robber to his den;
Gilding on battled tower the warder's lance,
And warning student pale to leave his pen,
And yield his drowsy eyes to the kind nurse of men.

What various scenes, and oh! what scenes of wo,
Are witnessed by that red and struggling beam!
The fevered patient, from his pallet low,
Through crowded hospital beholds it stream;
The ruined maiden trembles at its gleam,
The debtor wakes to thoughts of gyve and jail,
The love-lorn wretch starts from tormenting dream;
The wakeful mother, by the glimmering pale,
Trims her sick infant's couch, and soothes his feeble
wail.

At dawn the towers of Stirling rang
With soldier-step and weapon-clang,
While drums, with rolling note, foretell
Relief to weary sentinel.
Through narrow loop and casement barred,
The sunbeams sought the Court of Guard.

And, struggling with the smoky air,
Deadened the torches' yellow glare.
In comfortless alliance shone
The lights through arch of blackened stone
And showed wild shapes in garb of war,
Faces deformed with beard and scar,
All haggard from the midnight watch,
And fevered with the stern debauch;
For the oak table's massive board,
Flooded with wine, with fragments stored,
And beakers drained, and cups o'erthrown
Showed in what sport the night had flown
Some, weary, snored on floor and bench;
Some labored still their thirst to quench;
Some, chilled with watching, spread their hands
O'er the huge chimney's dying brands,
While round them, or beside them flung,
At every step their harness rung.

These drew not for their fields the sword,
Like tenants of a feudal lord,
Nor owned the patriarchal claim
Of chieftain in their leaders name;
Adventurers they, from far who roved,
To live by battle which they loved.
There the Italian's clouded face,
The swarthy Spaniard's there you trace;
The mountain-loving Switzer there
More freely breathed in mountain air,
The Fleming there despised the soil
That paid so ill the laborer's toil;
Their rolls showed French and German names
And merry England's exiles came,

To share, with ill-concealed disdain,
Of Scotland's pay the scanty gain.
All brave in arms, well trained to wield
The heavy halbert, brand, and shield;
In camps, licentious, wild, and bold;
In pillage, fierce and uncontrolled;
And now, by holytide and feast,
From rules of discipline released.

Tney held debate of bloody fray,
Fought 'twixt Loch-Katrine and Achray.
Fierce was their speech, and, mid their words,
Their hands oft grappled to their swords;
Nor sank their tone to spare the ear
Of wounded comrades groaning near,
Whose mangled limbs, and bodies gorod,
Bore token of the mountain sword,
Though, neighboring to the Court of Guard,
Their prayers and feverish wails were heard:—
Sad burdened to the ruffian joke,
And savage oath by fury spoke!—
At length upstarted John of Brent,
A yeoman from the banks of Trent;
A stranger to respect or fear,
In peace a chaser of the deer,
In host a hardy mutineer,
But still the boldest of the crew
When deed of danger was to do.
He grieved, that day, their games cut short
And marred the dicers' brawling sport,
And shouted loud, "Renew the bowl!
And, while a merry catch I troll,
Let each the buxom chorus bear,
Like brethren of the brand and spear."

SOLDIER'S SONG.

Our vicar still p eaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swinging ong curse on the bonny brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black jack,
And seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack.
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar

Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip, —
Says that Belzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!

Our vicar thus preaches — and why should he not?
For the dues of his cure are the placket and pot;
And 'tis right of his office poor laymen to lurch,
Who infringe the domains of our good mother Church
Yet whoop, bully-boys! off with your liquor,
Sweet Marjorie's the word, and a fig for the vicar!

The warder's challenge heard without,
Stayed in mid roar the merry shout.
A soldier to the portal went —
"Here is old Bertram, sirs, of Ghent;
And, beat for jubilee the drum!
A maid and minstrel with him come.
Bertram, a Fleming, gray and scarred,
Was entering now the Court of Guard.

A harper with him, and, in plaid
All muffled close, a mountain maid,
Who backward shrank, to 'scape the view
Of the loose scene and boisterous crew.
"What news?" they roared:—"I only know
From noon till eve we fought with foe,
As wild and as untameable
As the rude mountains where they dwell.
On both sides store of blood is lost,
Not much success can either boast."
"But whence thy captives, friend? such spoil
As theirs must need reward thy toil.
Old dost thou wax, and wars grow sharp;
Thou now hast glee-maiden and harp,
Get thee an ape, and trudge the land,
The leader of a juggler band."

"No, comrade;—no such fortune mine
After the fight, these sought our line,
That aged harper and the girl,
And, having audience of the Earl,
Mar bade I should purvey them steed,
And bring them hitherward with speed.
Forbear your mirth and rude alarm,
For none shall do them shame or harm."
"Hear ye his boast!" cried John of Brent,
Ever to strife and jangling bent;
"Shall he strike doe beside our lodge,
And yet the jealous niggard grudge
To pay the forester his fee?
I'll have my share howe'er it be,
Despite of Moray, Mar, or thee."
Bertram his forward step withstood;
And, burning in his vengeful mood.

Old Allan, though unfit for strife,
Laid hand upon his dagger-knife;
But Ellen boldly stepped between,
And dropped at once the tartan screen;
So, from his morning cloud, appears
The sun of May, through summer tears.
The savage soldiery, amazed,
As on descended angel gazed;
Even hardy Brent, abashed and tamed,
Stood half-admiring, half-ashamed.

Boldly she spoke — "Soldiers, attend!
My father was the soldier's friend;
Cheered him in camps, in marches led,
And with him in the battle bled.
Not from the valiant, or the strong,
Should exile's daughter suffer wrong."
Answered De Brent, most forward still
In every feat of good or ill,
"I shame me of the part I played;
And thou an outlaw's child, poor maid!
An outlaw I, by Forest laws,
And merry Needwood knows the cause.
Poor Rose — if Rose be living now" —
He wiped his iron eye and brow,
"Must bear such age, I think, as thou.
Hear ye, my mates; I go to call
The Captain of our watch to hall:
There lies my halbert on the floor;
And he that steps my halbert o'er,
To do the maid injurious part,
My shaft shall quiver in his heart!
Beware loose speech, or jesting rough,
Ye all know John de Brent. Enough."

Their Captain came, a gallant young —
(Of Tullibardine's house he sprung —)
Nor wore he yet the spur of knight;
Gay was his nien, his humor light.
And, though by courtesy controlled,
Forward his speech, his bearing bold.
The high-born maiden il' could brook
The scanning of his curious look
And dauntless eye; and yet, in sooth,
Young Lewis was a generous youth;
But Ellen's lovely face and mien,
Ill-suited to the garb and scene,
Might lightly bear construction strange,
And give loose fancy scope to range.
"Welcome to Stirling towers, fair maid!
Come ye to seek a champion's aid,
On palfrey white, with harper hoar,
Like errant damosel of yore?
Does thy high quest a knight require,
Or may the venture suit a squire?"
Her dark eye flashed; she paused and sighed —
"Oh what have I to do with pride! —
Through scenes of sorrow, shame, and strife,
A suppliant for a father's life,
I crave an audience of the King.
Behold, to back my suit, a ring,
The royal pledge of grateful claims,
Given by the Monarch to Fitz-James."

The signet-ring young Lewis took,
With deep respect and altered look;
And said — "This ring our duties own
And pardon, if, to worth unknown,

In semblance mean, obscurely veiled,
Lady, in aught my folly failed.
Soon as the day flings wide the gates,
The King shall know what suitor waits.
Please you, meanwhile, in fitting bower
Repose you till his waking hour;
Female attendance shall obey
Your hest, for service or array.
Permit I marshal you the way."
But, ere she followed, with the grace
And open bounty of her race,
She bade her slender purse be shared
Among the soldiers of the guard.
The rest with thanks their guerdon took;
But Brent, with shy and awkward look,
On the reluctant maiden's hold
Forced bluntly back the proffered gold;—
"Forgive a haughty English heart,
And oh, forget its ruder part!
The vacant purse shall be my share,
Which in my barret-cap I'll bear,
Perchance, in jeopardy of war,
Where gayer crests may keep afar."
With thanks—'twas all she could—the maid
His rugged courtesy repaid.

When Ellen forth with Lewis went,
Allan made suit to John of Brent:—
"My lady safe, oh let your grace
Give me to see my master's face!
His minstrel I—to share his doom
Bound from the cradle to the tomb.
Tenth in descent, since first my sires
Waked for his noble house their lyres,

Nor one of all the race was known
But prized its weal above their own.
With the Chief's birth begins our care;
Our harp must soothe the infant heir,
Teach the youth tales of fight, and grace
His earliest feat of field or chase;
In peace, in war, our rank we keep,
We cheer his board, we soothe his sleep,
Nor leave him till we pour our verse,
A doleful tribute! o'er his hearse.
Then let me share his captive lot;
It is my right — deny it not!"
"Little we reck," said John of Brent,
"We southern men, of long descent;
Nor wot we how a name — a word —
Makes clansmen vassals to a lord:
Yet kind my noble landlord's part —
God bless the house of Beaudesert!
And, but I loved to drive the deer,
More than to guide the laboring steer,
I had not dwelt an outcast here.
Come, good old Minstrel, follow me;
Thy Lord and Chieftain shalt thou see."

Then, from a rusted iron hook,
A bunch of ponderous keys he took,
Lighted a torch, and Allan led
Through grated arch and passage dread.
Portals they passed, where, deep within,
Spoke prisoner's moan and fetters' din,
Through rugged vaults, where, loosely stored,
Lay wheel, and axe, and headsman's sword,
And many an hideous engine grim,
For wrenching joint, and crushing limb,

By artists formed, who deemed it shame
And sin to give their work a name.
They halted at a low-browed porch,
And Brent to Allan gave the torch,
While bolt and chain he backward rolled
And made the bar unhasp its hold.
They entered — 'twas a prison-room
Of stern security and gloom,
Yet not a dungeon; for the day
Through lofty gratings found its way,
And rude and antique garniture
Decked the sad walls and oaken floor;
Such as the rugged days of old,
Deemed fit for captive noble's hold.
"Here," said De Brent, "thou may'st remain
Till the Leach visit him again.
Strict is his charge, the warders tell,
To tend the noble prisoner well."
Retiring then the bolt he drew,
And the lock's murmurs growled anew.
Roused at the sound, from lowly bed
A captive feebly raised his head;
The wondering Minstrel looked, and knew
Not his dear lord, but Roderick Dhu!
For, come from where Clan-Alpine fought,
They, erring, deemed the Chief he sought

As the tall ship, whose lofty prore
Shall never stem the billows more,
Deserted by her gallant band,
Amid the breakers lies astrand,
So, on his couch, lay Roderick Dhu
And oft his fevered limbs he threw

In toss abrupt, as when her sides
Lie rocking in the advancing tides,
Tha shake her frame with ceaseless beat,
Yet cannot heave her from her seat.
Oh! how unlike her course on sea!
Or his free step on hill and lea! —
Soon as the Minstrel he could scan,
“What of thy lady? — of my clan? —
My Mother? — Douglas? — tell me all!
Have they been ruined in my fall?
Ah, yes! or wherefore art thou here!
Yet speak — speak boldly! — do not fear.”
(For Allan, who his mood well knew,
Was choked with grief and terror too.)
“Who fought? — who fled? Old man, be brief
Some might — for they had lost their Chief.
Who basely live? — who bravely died?”
“Oh, calm thee, Chief!” the Minstrel cried,
“Ellen is safe:” — “For that, thank Heaven!”
“And hopes are for the Douglas given;
The Lady Margaret too is well,
And, for thy clan — on field or fell,
Has never harp of minstrel told,
Of combat fought so true and bold.
Thy stately pine is still unbent,
Though many a goodly bonny h is rent.”

The Chieftain reared his form on high,
And fever's fire was in his eye;
But ghastly, pale, and livid streaks
Checkered his swarthy brow and cheeks.
— “Hark, Minstrel! I have heard thee play
With measure bold on festal day,

In yon lone isle... again where ne'er
Shall harper play, or warrior hear...
That stirring air that peals on high,
O'er Dermid's race our victory.
Strike it! — and then (for well thou canst)
Free from thy minstrel-spirit glanced,
Fling me the picture of the fight,
When met my clan the Saxon might.
I'll listen, till my fancy hears
The clang of swords, the crash of spears!
These grates, these walls, shall vanish then
For the fair field of fighting men,
And my free spirit burst away,
As if it soared from battle fray."
The trembling bard with awe obeyed —
Slow on the harp his hand he laid;
But soon remembrance of the sight
He witnessed from the mountain's height,
With what old Bertram told at night,
Awakened the full power of song,
And bore him in career along; —
As shallop launched on river's tide,
That slow and fearful leaves the side,
But, when it feels the middle stream,
Drives downward swift as lightning's beam.

BATTLE OF BEAL' AN DUINE.

"The Minstrel came once more to view
The eastern ridge of Ben-venue,
For, ere he parted, he would say,
Farewell to lovely Loch-Achray —
Where shall he find, in foreign land,
So lone a lake, so sweet a strand

There is no breeze upon the fern,
No ripple on the lake,
Upon her eyrie nods the erne,
The deer has sought the brake;
The small birds will not sing aloud,
The springing trout lies still,
So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud,
That swathes, as with a purple shroud,
Benledi's distant hill.
Is it the thunder's solemn sound
That mutters deep and dread,
Or echoes from the groaning ground
The warrior's measured tread?
Is it the lightning's quivering glance
That on the thicket streams,
Or do they flash on spear and lance,
The sun's retiring beams?
I see the dagger-crest of Mar,
I see the Moray's silver star,
Wave o'er the cloud of Saxon war,
That up the lake comes winding far!
To hero bouné for battle strife,
Or bard of martial lay,
'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array!

' Their light-armed archers far and near
Surveyed the tangled ground,
Their centre ranks, with pike and spear,
A twilight forest frowned,
Their barbed horsemen, in the rear.
The stern battalia crowned.

No cymbal clashed, no clarion rang,
Still were the pipe and drum;
Save heavy tread, and armor's clang,
The sullen march was dumb.
There breathed no wind their crests to **shake**,
Or wave their flags abroad;
Scarce the frail aspen seemed to quake,
That shadowed o'er their road.
Their vaward scouts no tidings bring
Can rouse no lurking foe,
Nor spy a trace of living thing,
Save when they stirred the roe;
The host moves, like a deep sea-wave,
Where rise no rocks its pride to brave,
High-swelling, dark, and slow.
The lake is passed, and now they gain
A narrow and a broken plain,
Before the Trosachs' rugged jaws;
And here the horse and spearmen pause,
While, to explore the dangerous glen,
Dive through the pass the archer-men.


"At once there rose so wild a yell
Within that dark and narrow dell,
As all the fiends, from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner-cry of hell!
Forth from the pass in tumult driven,
Like chaff before the wind of heaven,
The archery appear:
For life! for life! their flight they ply -
And shriek, and shout, and battle-cry,
And plaids and bonnets waving high,
And broadswords flashing to the sky,
Are maddening in their rear.

Onward they drive, in dreadful race,
Pursuers and pursued;
Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep its rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood?
— 'Down, down,' cried Mar, 'your lances down
Bear back both friend and foe!
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levelled low;
And closely shouldering side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.
— 'We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game!
They come as fleet as forest deer,
We'll drive them back as tame.'

" Bearing before them, in their course,
The relics of the archer force,
Like wave with crest of sparkling foam,
Right onward did Clan-Alpine come.
Above the tide, each broadsword bright
Was brandishing like beam of light,
Each targe was dark below;
And with the ocean's mighty swing,
When heaving to the tempest's wing
They hurled them on the foe.
I heard the lance's shivering crash,
As when the whirlwind rends the ash
I heard the broadsword's deadly clang
As if an hundred anvils rang!
But Moray wheeled his rearward rank
Of horsemen on Clan-Alpine's flank

‘My banner-man advance!
I see,’ he cried, their column shake.
Now, gallants! for your ladies’ sake,
Upon them with the lance!’
The horsemen dashed among the rout,
As deer break through the broom;
Their steeds are stout, their swords are out,
They soon make lightsome room.
Clan-Alpine’s best are backward borne —
Where, where was Roderick then!
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.
And reflux through the pass of fear
The battle’s tide was poured;
Vanished the Saxon’s struggling spear,
Vanished the mountain sword.
As Bracklinn’s chasm, so black and steep,
Receives her roaring linn,
As the dark caverns of the deep
Suck the wild whirlpool in,
So did the deep and darksome pass
Devour the battle’s mingled mass;
None linger now upon the plain,
Save those who ne’er shall fight again.

“Now westward rolls the battle’s din.
That deep and doubling pass within.
Minstrel, away! the work of fate
Is bearing on: its issue wait,
Where the rude Trosachs’ dread defile
Opens on Katrine’s lake and isle.
Gray Ben-venue I soon repassed,
Loch-Katrine lay beneath me cast



The sun is set — the clouds are met —
The lowering scowl of heaven
An inky hue of livid blue
To the deep lake has given;
Strange gusts of wind from mountain glen
Swept o'er the lake, then sunk agen,
I heeded not the eddying surge,
Mine eye but saw the Trosachs' gorge,
Mine ear but heard that sullen sound,
Which like an earthquake shook the ground,
And spoke the stern and desperate strife
That parts not but with parting life,
Seeming, to minstrel-ear, to toll
The dirge of many a passing soul.
Nearer it comes — the dim-wood glen
The martial flood disgorged agen,
But not in mingled tide;
The plaided warriors of the North,
High on the mountain thunder forth,
And overhang its side;
While by the lake below appears
The darkening cloud of Saxon spears.
At weary bay each shattered band,
Eyeing their foemen, sternly stand;
Their banners stream like tattered sail,
That flings its fragment to the gale,
And broken arms and disarrav
Marked the fell havoc of the day.

“Viewing the mountain's ridge askance,
The Saxons stood in sullen trance,
Till Moray pointed with his lance,
And cried — ‘Behold yon isle!

See! none are left to guard its strand,
But women weak, that wring the hand
'Tis there of yore the robber band

 Their booty wont to pile;—

My purse, with bonnet-pieces store,
To him will swim a bow-shot o'er.
And loose a shallop from the shore.
Lightly we'll tame the war-wolf then,
Lords of his mate, and brood, and den.
Forth from the ranks a spearman sprung,
On earth his casque and corslet rung,

 He plunged him in the wave:—

All saw the deed—the purpose knew,
And to their clamors Ben-venue

 A mingled echo gave;

The Saxons shout, their mate to cheer,
The helpless females scream for fear,
And yells for rage the mountaineer.
Twas then, as by the outcry ripen,
Poured down at once the lowering heaven,
A whirlwind swept Loch-Katrine's breast,
Her billows reared their snowy crest.
Well for the swimmer swelled they high,
To mar the Highland marksman's eye;
For round him showered, 'mid rain and hail,
The vengeful arrows of the Gael.

In vain. He nears the isle—and lo!
His hand is on a shallop's bow.

—Just then a flash of lightning came,
It tinged the waves and strand with flame;
I marked Duncraggan's widowed dame,
Behind an oak I saw her stand,
A naked dirk gleamed in her hand:—

It darkened — but amid the moan
Of waves I heard a dying groan; —
Another flash! the spearman floats
A weltering corse beside the boats,
And the stern Matron o'er him stood,
Her hand and dagger streaming blood.

“‘Revenge! revenge!’ the Saxons cried,
The Gaels’ exulting shout replied.
Despite the elemental rage,
Again they hurried to engage;
But, ere they closed in desperate fight,
Bloody with spurring came a knight,
Sprang from his horse, and, from a crag,
Waved ’twixt the hosts a milk-white flag.
Clarion and trumpet by his side
Rang forth a truce-note high and wide,
While, in the Monarch’s name, afar
A herald’s voice forbade the war,
For Bothwell’s lord, and Roderick bold,
Were both, he said, in captive hold.”
— But here the lay made sudden stand,
‘The harp escaped the minstrel’s hand.
Oft had he stolen a glance, to spy
How Roderick brooked his minstrelsy:
At first, the Chieftain, to the chime,
With lifted hand, kept feeble time;
That motion ceased — yet feeling strong
Varied his look as changed the song:
At length, no more his deafened ear
The minstrel melody can hear;
His face grows sharp — his hands are clenched,
As if some pang his heart-strings wrenched

Set are his teeth, his fading eye
Is sternly fixed on vacancy,
Thus, motionless and moanless, drew
His parting-breath, stout Roderick Dhu! —
Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit passed;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He poured his wailing o'er the dead.

LAMENT.

“And art thou cold, and lowly laid,
Thy foeman's dread, thy people's aid,
Breadalbane's boast, Clan-Alpine's shade,
For thee shall none a requiem say!
—For thee, who loved the minstrel's lay,
For thee, of Bothwell's house the stay,
The shelter of her exiled line,
E'en in this prison-house of thine,
I'll wail for Alpine's honored pine!

“What groans shall yonder valleys fill!
What shrieks of grief shall rend yon hill
What tears of burning rage shall thrill,
When mourns thy tribe thy battles done,
Thy fall before the race was won,
Thy sword ungirt ere set of sun!
There breathes not clansman of thy line,
But would have given his life for thine.
Oh wo for Alpine's honored pine!

“Sad was thy lot on mortal stage! —
The captive thrush may brook the cage,
The prisoned eagle dies for rage.

Brave spirit, do not scorn my strain! .
And, when its notes awake again,
Even she, so long beloved in vain,
Shall with my harp her voice combine,
And mix her wo and tears with mine,
To wail Clan-Alpine's honored pine."

Ellen the while, with bursting heart,
Remained in lordly bower apart,
Where played, with many-colored gleams,
Through storied pane the rising beams.
In vain on gilded roof they fall,
And lightened up a tapestried wall,
And for her use a menial train
A rich collation spread in vain.
The banquet proud, the chamber gay
Scarce drew one curious glance astray;
Or, if she looked, 'twas but to say,
With better omen dawned the day
In that lone isle, where waved on high
The dun deer's hide for canopy;
Where oft her noble father shared
The simple meal her care prepared,
While Lufra, crouching by her side,
Her station claimed with jealous pride;
And Douglas, bent on woodland game,
Spoke of the chase to Malcolm Græme,
Whose answer, oft at random made,
The wandering of his thoughts betrayed --
Those who such simple joys have known,
Are taught to prize them when they're gone.
But sudden, see, she lifts her head!
The window seeks with cautious tread.

What distant music has the power
To win her in this woful hour!
'Twas from a turret that o'erhung
Her latticed bower, the strain was sung.

LAY OF THE IMPRISONED HUNTSMAN.

"My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My idle grayhound loathes his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive thrall.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forests green,
With bended bow and bloodhound free,
For that's the life is meet for me.

"I hate to learn the ebb of time,
From yon dull steeple's drowsy chime,
Or mark it as the sunbeams crawl,
Inch after inch, along the wall.
The lark was wont my matins ring,
The sable rook my vespers sing;
These towers, although a king's they be
Have not a hall of joy for me.

"No more at dawning morn I rise,
And sun myself in Ellen's eyes,
Drive the fleet deer the forest through,
And homeward wend with evening dew
A blithesome welcome blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee —
That life is lost to love and me!"

The heart-sick lay was hardly said,
The list'ner had not turned her head,
It trickled still, the starting tear,
When light a footstep struck her ear.
And Snowdoun's graceful Knight was near.
She turned the hastier, lest again
The prisoner should renew his strain.
"Oh welcome, brave Fitz-James!" she said;
"How may an almost orphan maid
Pay the deep debt." "Oh say not so,
To me no gratitude you owe.
Not mine, alas! the boon to give,
And bid thy noble father live;
I can but be thy guide, sweet maid,
With Scotland's King thy suit to aid:
No tyrant he, though ire and pride
May lead his better mood aside.
Come, Ellen, come!—'tis more than time
He holds his court at morning prime."
With beating heart, and bosom wrung,
As to a brother's arm she clung.
Gently he dried the falling tear,
And gently whispered hope and cheer;
Her faltering steps half led, half staid,
Through gallery fair and high arcade,
Till, at his touch, its wings of pride
A portal arch unfolded wide.

Within 'twas brilliant all and light,
A thronging scene of figures bright;
It glowed on Ellen's dazzled sight,
As when the setting sun has given
Ten thousand hues to summer even,

And, from their tissue, fancy frames
Aërial knights and fairy dames.
Still by Fitz-James her footing staid,
A few faint steps she forward made,
Then slow her drooping head she raised,
And fearful round the presence gazed;
For him she sought, who owned this state,
The dreaded prince whose will was fate!
She gazed on many a princely port,
Might well have ruled a royal court;
On many a splendid garb she gazed —
Then turned bewildered and amazed,
For all stood bare; and, in the room,
Fitz-James alone wore cap and plume.
To him each lady's look was lent,
On him each courtier's eye was bent;
Midst furs, and silks, and jewels sheen,
He stood, in simple Lincoln green,
The centre of the glittering ring —
And Snowdoun's Knight is Scotland's King!

As wreath of snow on mountain breast,
Slides from the rock that gave it rest,
Poor Ellen glided from her stay,
And at the Monarch's feet she lay;
No word her choking voice commands —
She showed the ring — she clasped her hands.
Oh! not a moment could he brook,
The generous prince, that suppliant look!
Gently he raised her — and the while
Checked with a glance the circle's smile.
Graceful, but grave, her brow he kissed,
And bade her terrors be dismissed —

“Yes, Fair; the wandering poor Fitz-James
The fealty of Scotland claims.
To him thy woes, thy wishes, bring,
He will redeem his signet-ring.
Ask naught for Douglas — yester even
His prince and he have much forgiven:
Wrong hath he had from slanderous tongue,
I, from his rebel kinsmen, wrong.
We would not to the vulgar crowd
Yield what they craved with clamor loud
Calmly we heard and judged his cause,
Our council aided and our laws.
I stanch’d thy father’s death-feud stern.
With stout De Vaux and gray Glencarn
And Bothwell’s Lord henceforth we own
The friend and bulwark of our Throne.
But, lovely infidel, how now?
What clouds thy misbelieving brow?
Lord James of Douglas, lend thine aid
Thou must confirm this doubting maid.”

Then forth the noble Douglas sprung,
And on his neck his daughter hung.
The Monarch drank, that happy hour,
The sweetest, holiest draught of power —
When it can say, with godlike voice,
Arise, sad Virtue, and rejoice!
Yet would not James the general eye
On nature’s raptures long should pry;
He stepped between — “Nay, Douglas, nay,
Steal not my proselyte away!
The riddle ’tis my right to read,
That brought this happy chance to speed.

Yes, Ellen, when disguised I stray,
In life's more low but happier way,
'Tis under name which veils my power,
Nor falsely veils — for Stirling's tower
Of yore the name of Snowdown claims,
And Normans call me James Fitz-James.
Thus watch I o'er insulted laws,
Thus learn to right the injured cause."
Then, in a tone apart and low,
— "Ah, little trait'ress! none must know
What idle dream, what lighter thought,
What vanity full dearly bought,
Joined to thine eye's dark witchcraft, drew
My spell-bound steps to Ben-venue,
In dangerous hour, and all but gave
Thy Monarch's life to mountain glaive!"
Aloud he spoke — "Thou still dost hold
That little talisman of gold,
Pledge of my faith, Fitz-James's ring —
What seeks fair Ellen of the King?"

Full well the conscious maiden guessed,
He probed the weakness of her breast;
But, with that consciousness, there came
A lightening of her fears for Græme,
And more she deemed the Monarch's ire
Kindled 'gainst him, who, for her sire,
Rebellious broadsword boldly drew;
And to her generous feeling true,
She craved the grace of Roderick Dhu.
"Forbear thy suit: — the King of kings
Alone can stay life's parting wings.
I know his heart, I know his hand,
Have shared his cheer, and proved his brand; —

My fairest earldom would I give
To bid Clan-Alpine's Chieftain live!
Hast thou no other boon to crave? —
No other captive friend to save?"
Blushing, she turned her from the King,
And to the Douglas gave the ring,
As if she wished her sire to speak
The suit that stained her glowing cheek.
"Nay, then, my pledge has lost its force,
And stubborn justice holds her course.
"Malcolm, come forth!" — And, at the word,
Down kneeled the Græme to Scotland's Lord.
"For thee, rash youth, no suppliant sues,
From thee may Vengeance claim her dues,
Who, nurtured underneath our smile,
Hast paid our care by treacherous wile,
And sought amid thy faithful clan,
A refuge for an outlawed man,
Dishonoring thus thy loyal name —
Fetters and warder for the Græme!"
His chain of gold the King unstrung,
The links o'er Malcolm's neck he flung,
Then gently drew the glittering band,
And laid the clasp on Ellen's hand.

Harp of the North, farewell The hills grow dark,
On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;
In twilight copse the glow-worm lights her spark,
The deer, half-seen, are to the covert wending.
Resume thy wizard elm! the fountain lending,
And the wild breeze, thy wilder minstrelsy;
Thy numbers sweet with Nature's vespers blending

With distant echo from the fold and lea,
And herd-boy's evening pipe, and hum of housing bee.

Yet, once again, farewell, thou Minstrel Harp!

Yet, once again, forgive my feeble sway,
And little reck I of the censure sharp
May idly cavil at an idle lay.

Much have I owed thy strains on life's long way
Through secret woes the world has never known,

When on the weary night dawned wearier day.
And bitterer was the grief devoured alone.
That I o'erlive such woes, Enchantress! is thine own.

Hark! as my lingering footsteps slow retire,
Some Spirit of the Air has waked thy string!

'Tis now a Seraph bold, with touch of fire,

'Tis now the brush of Fairy's frolic wing

Receding now, the dying numbers ring
Fainter and fainter down the rugged dell,

And now the mountain-breezes scarcely bring
A wandering witch-note of the distant spell —
And now, 'tis silent all! — Enchantress, fare-thee-well



THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

LIVES there a strain, whose sounds of mounting
fire
May rise distinguished o'er the din of war,
Or died it with yon master of the lyre,
Who sung beleaguered Ilion's evil star?
Such, WELLINGTON, might reach thee from afar,
Wafting its descant wide o'er Ocean's range;
Nor shouts, nor clashing arms, its mood could mar,
All as it swelled 'twixt each loud trumpet-change,
That clang to Britain victory, to Portugal revenge!

II

Yes! such a strain, with all-o'erpowering measure,
Might melodize with each tumultuous sound,
Each voice of fear or triumph, wo or pleasure,
That rings Mondego's ravaged shores around;
The thundering cry of hosts with conquest crowned,
The female shriek, the ruined peasants moan,
The shout of captives from their chains unbound,
The foiled oppressor's deep and sullen groan,
A nation's choral hymn for tyranny o'erthrown.

III.

But we weak minstrels of a laggard day,
Skilled but to imitate an elder page,
Timid and raptureless, can we repay
The debt thou claim'st in this exhausted age?
Thou giv'st our lyres a theme, that might engage
Those that could send thy name o'er sea and land,
While sea and land shall last; for Homer's rage
A theme; a theme for Milton's mighty hand —
How much unmeet for us, a faint degenerate band!

IV.

Ye mountains stern! within whose rugged breast
The friends of Scottish freedom found repose;
Ye torrents! whose hoarse sounds have soothed their
rest,
Returning from the field of vanquished foes;
Say, have ye lost each wild majestic close,
That erst the choir of bards or druids flung,
What time their hymn of victory arose,
And Cattraeth's glens with voice of triumph rung,
And mystic Merlin harped, and gray-haired Llywarch
sung.

V.

O! if your wilds such minstrelsy retain,
As sure your changeful gales seem oft to say,
When sweeping wild and sinking soft again,
Like trumpet-jubilee, or harp's wild sway;
If ye can echo such triumphant lay,
Then lend the note to him has loved you long,
Who pious gathered each tradition gray,
That floats your solitary wastes along,
And with affection vain gave them new voice in song.

VI.

For not till now, how soft soe'er the task
Of truant verse hath lightened graver care,
From muse or sylvan was he wont to ask,
In phrase poetic, inspiration fair ;
Careless he gave his numbers to the air, —
They came unsought for, if applauses came,
Nor for himself prefers he now the prayer ;
Let but his verse befit a hero's fame,
Immortal be the verse ! — forgot the poet's name.

VII.

Hark, from yon misty cairn their answer tossed :
"Minstrel ! the fame of whose romantic lyre,
Capricious swelling now, may soon be lost,
Like the light flickering of a cottage fire :
If to such task presumptuous thou aspire,
Seek not from us the meed to warrior due ;
Age after age has gathered son to sire,
Since our gray cliffs the din of conflict knew,
Or, pealing through our vales, victorious bugles blew

VIII.

"Decayed our old traditionary lore,
Save where the lingering fays renew their ring,
By milkmaid seen beneath the hawthorn hoar,
Or round the marge of Minchmore's haunted spring ,
Save where their legends gray-haired shepherds sing
That now scarce win a listening ear but thine,
Of feuds obscure, and border ravaging,
And rugged deeds recount in rugged line,
Of moonlight foray made on Teviot, Tweed, or Tyne.

IX.

“ No ! search romantic lands, where the near Sun
Gives with unstinted boon ethereal flame,
Where the rude villager, his labor done,
In verse spontaneous chants some favored name .
Whether Olalia’s charms his tribute claim,
Her eye of diamond, and her locks of jet ;
Or whether, kindling at the deeds of Græme,
He sing, to wild Morisco measure set,
Old Albin’s red claymore, green Erin’s bayonet !

X

“ Explore those regions, where the flinty crest
Of wild Nevada ever gleams with snows,
Where in the proud Alhambra’s ruined breast
Barbaric monuments of pomp repose ,
Or where the banners of more ruthless foes
Than the fierce Moor, float o’er Toledo’s fane,
From whose tall towers even now the patriot throws
An anxious glance, to spy upon the plain
The blended ranks of England, Portugal, and Spain

XI.

“ There, of Numantian fire a swarthy spark
Still lightens in the sun-burnt native’s eye ;
The stately port, slow step, and visage dark,
Still mark enduring pride and constancy ;
And, if the glow of feudal chivalry
Beam not, as once, thy nobles’ dearest pride,
Iberia ! oft thy crestless peasantry
Have seen the plumed Hidalgo quit their side,
Have seen, yet dauntless stood — ’gainst fortune fought
and died.

XII.

"And cherished still by that unchanging race,
Are themes for minstrelsy more high than thine;
Of strange tradition many a mystic trace,
Legend and vision, prophecy and sign;
Where wonders wild of arabesque combine
With Gothic imagery of darker shade,
Forming a model meet for minstrel line.
Go, seek such theme!"--The Mountain Spirit said
With filial awe I heard -- I heard, and I obeyed.



THE VISION OF DON RODERICK.

L

REARING their crests amid the cloudless skies,
And darkly clustering in the pale moonlight,
'Toledo's holy towers and spires arise,
As from a trembling lake of silver white ;
Their mingled shadows intercept the sight
Of the broad burial-ground outstretched below,
And naught disturbs the silence of the night ;
All sleeps in sullen shade or silver glow,
All save the heavy swell of Teio's ceaseless flow.

II

All save the rushing swell of Teio's tide,
Or, distant heard, a courser's neigh or tramp ;
Their changing rounds as watchful horsemen ride,
To guard the limits of King Roderick's camp,
For, through the river's night-fog rolling damp,
Was many a proud pavilion dimly seen,
Which glimmered back, against the moon's fair lamp,
Tissues of silk and silver twisted sheen,
And standards proudly pitched, and warders armed
between.

III

But of their Monarch's person keeping ward,
Since last the deep-mouthed bell of vespers tolled,
The chosen soldiers of the royal guard
Their post beneath the proud Cathedral hold :
A band unlike their Gothic sires of old,
Who, for the cap of steel and iron mace,
Bear slender darts, and casques bedecked with gold,
While silver-studded belts their shoulders grace,
Where ivory quivers ring in the broad falchion's place.

IV.

In the light language of an idle court,
They murmured at their master's long delay,
And held his lengthened orisons in sport :
"What ! will Don Roderick here till morning stay,
To wear in shrift and prayer the night away ?
And are his hours in such dull penance past.
For fair Florinda's plundered charms to pay ?"
Then to the east their weary eyes they cast,
And wished the lingering dawn would glimmer forth
at last.

V.

But, far within, Toledo's Prelate lent
An ear of fearful wonder to the King ;
The silver lamp a fitful lustre sent,
So long that sad confession witnessing :
For Roderick told of many a hidden thing,
Such as are lothly uttered to the air,
When Fear, Remorse, and Shame, the bosom wring
And Guilt his secret burthen cannot bear,
And Conscience seeks in speech a respite from Despair.

VI.

Full on the Prelate's face, and silver hair,
The stream of failing light was feebly rolled,
But Roderick's visage, though his head was bare,
Was shadowed by his hand and mantle's fold
While of his hidden soul the sins he told,
Proud Alaric's descendant could not brook,
That mortal man his bearing should behold,
Or boast that he had seen, when conscience shook,
Fear tame a monarch's brow, Remorse a warrior's look.

VII.

The old man's faded cheek waxed yet more pale,
As many a secret sad the king bewrayed;
And sign and glance eked out the unfinished tale,
When in the midst his faltering whisper staid.
"Thus royal Witiza was slain," — he said;
"Yet, holy father, deem not it was I." —
Thus still Ambition strives her crimes to shade —
"O rather deem 'twas stern necessity!
Self-preservation bade, and I must kill or die.

VIII.

"And, if Florinda's shrieks alarmed the air,
If she invoked her absent sire in vain,
And on her knees implored that I would spare,
Yet, reverend priest, thy sentence rash refrain! —
All is not as it seems — the female train
Know by their bearing to disguise their mood:"
But Conscience here, as if in high disdain,
Sent to the Monarch's cheek the burning blood —
He stayed his speech abrupt — and up the Prelate stood.

IX.

"O hardened offspring of an iron race !
What of thy crimes, Don Roderick, shall I say ?
What alms, or prayers, or penance can efface
Murder's dark spot, wash treason's stain away !
For the foul ravisher how shall I pray,
Who, scarce repentant, makes his crime his boast ?
How hope Almighty vengeance shall delay,
Unless, in mercy to yon Christian host,
He spare the shepherd, lest the guileless sheep be
lost." —

X.

Then kindled the dark tyrant in his mood,
And to his brow returned its dauntless gloom ;
" And welcome then," he cried, " be blood for blood,
For treason treachery, for dishonor doom !
Yet will I know whence come they, or by whom.
Show, for thou canst — give forth the fated key,
And guide me, Priest, to that mysterious room,
Where, if aught true in old tradition be,
His nation's future fates a Spanish King shall see."

XI.

" Ill-fated Prince ! recall the desperate word,
Or pause ere yet the omen thou obey !
Bethink, yon spell-bound portal would afford
Never to former Monarch entrance-way ;
Nor shall it ever ope, old records say,
Save to a King, the last of all his line,
What time his empire totters to decay,
And treason digs, beneath, her fatal mine,
And, high above, impends aveng'ng wrath divine." —

XII.

— ‘Prelate ! a Monarch’s fate brooks no delay !
Lead on !’ — The ponderous key the old man took,
And held the winking lamp, and led the way
By winding stair, dark aisle, and secret nook,
Then on an ancient gateway bent his look ;
And, as the key the desperate King essayed,
Low muttered thunders the Cathedral shook,
And twice he stopped, and twice new effort made,
Till the huge bolts rolled back, and the loud hinges
brayed.

XIII.

Long, large, and lofty, was that vaulted hall ;
Roof, walls, and floor, were all of marble stone.
Of polished marble, black as funeral pall,
Carved o’er with signs and characters unknown,
A paly light as of the dawning, shone [spy
Through the sad bounds, but whence they could not
For window to the upper air was none ;
Yet, by that light, Don Roderick could descry
Wonders that ne’er till then were seen by mortal eye.

XIV.

Grim sentinels, against the upper wall,
Of molten bronze, two Statues held their place,
Massive their naked limbs, their stature tall,
Their frowning foreheads golden circles grace.
Moulded they seemed for kings of giant race,
That lived and sinned before the avenging flood.
This grasped a scythe, that rested on a mace ;
This spread his wings for flight, that pondering stood,
Each stubborn seemed and stern, immutable of mood.

XV.

Fixed was the right-hand Giant's brazen look
Upon his brother's glass of shifting sand,
As if its ebb he measured by a book,
Whose iron volume loaded his huge hand;
In which was wrote of many a failing land,
Of empires lost, and kings to exile driven;
And o'er that pair their names in scroll expand —
"Lo, DESTINY and TIME! to whom by Heaven
The guidance of the earth is for a season given." —

XVI.

Even while they read, the sand-glass wastes away;
And, as the last and lagging grains did creep,
That right-hand Giant did his club upsway,
As one that startles from a heavy sleep.
Full on the upper wall the mace's sweep
At once descended with the force of thunder,
And, hurling down at once, in crumbled heap,
The marble boundary was rent asunder,
And gave to Roderick's view new sights of fear and
wonder.

XVII.

For they might spy, beyond that mighty breach,
Realms as of Spain in visioned prospect laid,
Castles and towers, in due proportion each,
As by some skillful artist's hand portrayed;
Here, crossed by many a wild Sierra's shade,
And boundless plains that tire the traveller's eye:
There, rich with vineyard and with olive-glade,
Or deep-embrowned by forests huge and high,
Or washed by mighty streams, that slowly murmured by

XVIII.

And here, as erst upon the antique stage,
Passed forth the bands of maskers trimly led,
In various forms, and various equipage,
While fitting strains the hearer's fancy fed ;
So, to sad Roderick's eye in order spread,
Successive pageants filled that mystic scene,
Showing the fate of battles ere they bled,
And issue of events that had not been ;
And ever and anon strange sounds were heard between

XIX.

First shrilled an unrepeatd female shriek ! —
It seemed as if Don Roderick knew the call,
For the bold blood was blanching in his cheek. —
Then answered kettle-drum and atabal,
Gong-peal and cymbal-clank the ear appal,
The Tecbir war-cry, and the Lelies yell,
Ring wildly dissonant along the hall.
Need not to Roderick their dread import tell —
“The Moor!” he cried, “the Moor! — ring out the
tocsin bell !

XX.

“They come! they come! I see the groaning lands
White with the turbans of each Arab horde,
Swart Zaarah joins her misbelieving bands,
Alla and Mahomet their battle-word,
The choice they yield the Koran or the sword —
See how the Christians rush to arms amain! —
In yonder shout the voice of conflict roared ;
The shadowy hosts are closing on the plain —
Now, God and St. Iago strike, for the good cause of
Spain !

XXI.

"By heaven, the Moors prevail! the Christians yield!
Their coward leader gives for flight the sign!
The sceptred craven mounts to quit the field —
Is not yon steed Orelia? — Yes, 'tis mine!
But never was she turned from battle-line; —
Lo! where the recreant spurs o'er stock and stone!
Curses pursue the slave and wrath divine!
Rivers engulf him!" — "Hush," in shuddering tone,
The Prelate said; "rash Prince, yon visioned form's
thine own." —

XXII.

Just then, a torrent crossed the flier's course;
The dangerous ford the Kingly Likeness tried;
But the deep eddies whelmed both man and horse,
Swept like benighted peasant down the tide;
And the proud Moslemah spread far and wide,
As numerous as their native locust band;
Berber and Ismael's sons the spoils divide,
With naked scimitars mete out the land,
And for their bondsmen base the free-born natives
brand.

XXIII.

Then rose the grated Harem, to enclose
The loveliest maidens of the Christian line;
Then, menials to their misbelieving foes,
Castile's young nobles held forbidden wine;
Then, too, the holy Cross, salvation's sign,
By impious hands was from the altar thrown,
And the deep aisles of the polluted shrine
Echoed, for holy hymn and organ tone,
The Santons' frantic dance, the Fakir's gibbering
moan.

XXIV.

How fares Don Roderick? — E'en as one who spies
Flames dart their glare o'er midnight's sable woof,
And hears around his children's piercing cries,
And sees the pale assistants stand aloof;
While cruel Conscience brings him bitter proof,
His folly, or his crime, have caused his grief;
And, while above him nods the crumbling roof,
He curses earth and heaven — himself in chief --
Desperate of earthly aid, despairing Heaven's relief!

XXV.

That scythe-armed Giant turned his fatal glass,
And twilight on the landscape closed her wings;
Far to Asturian hills the war-sounds pass,
And in their stead rebeck or timbrel rings;
And to the sound the bell-decked dancer springs,
Bazars resound as when their marts are met,
In tourney light the Moor his jerreed flings,
And on the land, as evening seemed to set,
The Inmaun's chant was heard from mosque or minaret.

XXVI.

So passed that pageant. Ere another came,
The visionary scene was wrapped in smoke, [flame;
Whose sulph'rous wreaths were crossed by sheets of
With every flash a bolt explosive broke,
'Till Roderick deemed the fiends had burst their yoke,
And waved 'gainst heaven the infernal gonfalone!
For War a new and dreadful language spoke,
Never by ancient warrior heard or known;
Lightning and smoke her breath, and thunder was her
tone.

XXVII.

From the dim landscape roll the clouds away —
The Christians have regained their heritage ;
Before the Cross has waned the Crescent's ray,
And many a monastery decks the stage,
And lofty church, and low-browed hermitage.
The land obeys a Hermit and a Knight, —
The Genii these of Spain for many an age ;
This clad in sackcloth, that in armor bright,
And that was VALOR named, this BIGOTRY was hight.

XXVIII.

VALOR was harnessed like a Chief of old,
Armed at all points, and prompt for knightly gest ;
His sword was tempered in the Ebro cold,
Morena's eagle-plume adorned his crest,
The spoils of Afric's lion bound his breast.
Fierce he stepped forward, and flung down his gage,
As if of mortal kind to brave the best.
Him followed his Companion, dark and sage,
As he, my Master, sung the dangerous Archimage.

XXIX.

Haughty of heart and brow the Warrior came,
In look and language proud as proud might be,
Vaunting his lordship, lineage, fights and fame,
Yet wast that bare-foot Monk more proud than he ;
And as the ivy climbs the tallest tree,
So round the loftiest soul his toils he wound,
And with his spells subdued the fierce and free,
Till ermined Age, and Youth in arms renowned,
Honoring his scourge and hair-cloth, meekly kissed the
ground.

XXX.

And thus it chanced that VALOR, peerless Knight,
Who ne'er to King or Kaiser veiled his crest,
Victorious still in bull-feast, or in fight,
Since first his limbs with mail he did invest,
Stooped ever to that Anchoret's behest ;
Nor reasoned of the right nor of the wrong,
But at his bidding laid the lance in rest,
And wrought fell deeds the troubled world along,
For he was fierce as brave, and pitiless as strong.

XXXI.

Oft his proud galleys sought some new-found world
That latest sees the sun, or first the morn ;
Still at that Wizard's feet their spoils he hurled, —
Ingots of ore from rich Potosi borne,
Crowns by Caciques, aigrettes by Omrahs worn,
Wrought of rare gems, but broken, rent, and foul ;
Idols of gold from heathen temples torn,
Bedabbled all with blood. — With grisly scowl
The Hermit marked the stains, and smiled beneath his
cowl.

XXXII.

Then did he bless the offering, and bade make
Tribute to heaven of gratitude and praise ;
And at his word the choral hymns awake,
And many a hand the silver censer sways.
But with the incense-breath these censers raise,
Mix steams from corpses smouldering in the fire ;
The groans of prisoned victims mar the lays,
And shrieks of agony confound the quire,
While, 'mid the mingled sounds, the darkened scenes
expire.

XXXIII.

Preluding light, were strains of music heard,
As once again revolved that measured sand ;
Such sounds as when, for sylvan dance prepared,
Gay Xeres summons forth her vintage band ;
When for the light Bolero ready stand
The Mozo blithe, with gay Muchacha met,
He conscious of his broidered cap and band,
She of her netted locks and light corsette,
Each tiptoe perched to spring, and shake the castanet.

XXXIV.

And well such strains the opening scene became ;
For VALOR had relaxed his ardent look,
And at a lady's feet, like lion tame,
Lay stretched, full loth the weight of arms to brook
And softened BIGOTRY, upon his book,
Pattered a task of little good or ill ;
But the blithe peasant plied his pruning-hook,
Whistled the muleteer o'er vale and hill,
And rung from village-green the merry Seguidille.

XXXV.

Gray Royalty, grown impotent of toil,
Let the grave sceptre slip his lazy hold,
And careless saw his rule become the spoil
Of a loose Female and her Minion bold ;
But peace was on the cottage and the fold,
From court intrigue, from bickering faction far ;
Beneath the chestnut-tree Love's tale was told ;
And to the tinkling of the light guitar,
Sweet stooped the western sun, sweet rose the evening
star.

XXXVI.

As that sea-cloud, in size like human hand
 When first from Carmel by the Tishbite seen,
 Came slowly overshadowing Israel's land,
 Awhile, perchance, bedecked with colors sheen,
 While yet the sunbeams on its skirts had been,
 Limning with purple and with gold its shroud,
 Till darker folds obscured the blue serene,
 And blotted heaven with one broad sable cloud —
 Then sheeted rain burst down, and whirlwinds howled
 aloud ; —

XXXVII.

Even so upon that peaceful scene was poured,
 Like gathering clouds, full many a foreign band,
 And HE, their Leader, wore in sheath his sword,
 And offered peaceful front and open hand ;
 Veiling the perjured treachery he planned,
 By friendship's zeal and honor's specious guise,
 Until he won the passes of the land ;
 Then, burst were honor's oath, and friendship's ties !
 He clutched his vulture-grasp, and called fair Spain
 his prize.

XXXVIII.

An Iron Crown his anxious forehead bore ;
 And well such diadem his heart became,
 Who ne'er his purpose for remorse gave o'er,
 Or checked his course for piety or shame ;
 Who, trained a soldier, deemed a soldier's fame
 Might flourish in the wreath of battles won,
 Though neither truth nor honor decked his name ;
 Who, placed by fortune on a Monarch's throne,
 Recked not of Monarch's faith, or Mercy's king-
 dom.

XXXIX.

From a rude isle his ruder lineage came :
The spark, that, from a suburb hovel's hearth
Ascending, wraps some capital in flame,
Hath not a meaner or more sordid birth.
And for the soul that bade him waste the earth —
The sable land-flood from some swamp obscure,
That poisons the glad husband-field with dearth,
And by destruction bids its fame endure,
Hath not a source more sullen, stagnant, and impure.

XL.

Before that Leader strode a shadowy Form :
Her limbs like mist, her torch like meteor showed,
With which she beckoned him through fight and storm,
And all he crushed that crossed his desperate road,
Nor thought, nor feared, nor looked on what he trode
Realms could not glut his pride, blood could not slake,
So oft as e'er she shook her torch abroad —
It was **AMBITION** bade his terrors wake,
Nor deigned she, as of yore, a milder form to take.

XLI.

No longer now she spurned at mean revenge,
Or stayed her hand for conquered foeman's moan,
As when, the fates of aged Rome to change,
By Cæsar's side she crossed the Rubicon :
Nor joyed she to bestow the spoils she won,
As when the banded powers of Greece were tasked
To war beneath the Youth of Macedon :
No seemly veil her modern minion asked,
He saw her hideous face, and loved the fiend un-
masked.

XLII.

That Prelate marked his march — On banners blazed
With battles won in many a distant land,
On eagle-standards and on arms he gazed ; [stand ?
“ And hop’st thou, then,” he said “ thy power shall
O thou hast builded on the shifting sand,
And thou hast tempered it with slaughter’s flood ;
And know, fell scourge in the Almighty’s hand !
Gore-moistened trees shall perish in the bud,
And, by a bloody death, shall die the Man of Blood !

XLIII.

The ruthless Leader beckoned from his train
A wan fraternal Shade, and bade him kneel,
And paled his temples with the crown of Spain,
While trumpets rang, and heralds cried, “ Castile ! ”
Not that he loved him — No ! — in no man’s weal,
Scarce in his own, e’er joyed that sullen heart ;
Yet round that throne he bade his warriors wheel,
That the poor puppet might perform his part,
And be a sceptred slave, at his stern beck to start.

XLIV.

But on the Natives of that Land misused,
Not long the silence of amazement hung
Nor brooked they long their friendly faith abused
For, with a common shriek, the general tongue
Exclaimed, “ To arms ! ” and fast to arms they sprung
And VALOR woke, that Genius of the land !
Pleasure, and ease, and sloth aside he flung,
As burst the awakening Nazarite his band,
When ’gainst his treacherous foes he clenched his
dreadful hand.

XLV.

That mimic Monarch now cast anxious eye
Upon the Satraps that begirt him round,
Now doffed his royal robe in act to fly,
And from his brow the diadem unbound,
So oft, so near, the Patriot bugle wound,
From Tarik's walls to Bilboa's mountains blown;
These martial satelites hard labor found,
To guard awhile his substituted throne —
Light recking of his cause, but battling for their own.

XLVI.

From Alpuhara's peak that bugle rung,
And it was echoed from Corunna's wall;
Stately Seville responsive war-shout flung,
Granada caught it in her Moorish hall;
Galicia bade her children fight or fall,
Wild Biscay shook his mountain coronet,
Valencia roused her at the battle-call,
And, foremost still where Valor's sons are met,
Fast started to his gun each fiery Miquelet.

XLVII.

But unappalled, and burning for the fight,
The Invaders march, of victory secure;
Skillful their force to sever or unite,
And trained alike to vanquish or endure.
Nor skillful less, cheap conquest to ensure,
Discord to breathe, and jealousy to sow,
To quell by boasting, and by bribes to lure;
While naught against them bring the unpracticed foe,
Save hearts for freedom's cause, and hands for free-
dom's blow.

XLVIII.

Proudly they march — but O ! they march not forth
By one hot field to crown a brief campaign,
As when their eagles, sweeping through the North,
Destroyed at every stoop an ancient reign !
Far other fate had heaven decreed for Spain ·
In vain the steel, in vain the torch was plied,
New Patriot armies started from the slain,
High blazed the war, and long, and far and wide,
And oft the God of Battles blessed the righteous side.

XLIX.

Nor unatoned, where Freedom's foes prevail,
Remained their savage waste. With blade and brand,
By day the Invaders ravaged hill and dale,
But, with the darkness, the Guerilla band
Came like night's tempest, and avenged the land,
And claimed for blood the retribution due,
Probed the hard heart, and lopped the murderous hand
And Dawn, when o'er the scene her beams she threw
Midst ruins they had made the spoilers' corpses knew.

L.

What minstrel verse may sing, or tongue may tell,
Amid the visioned strife from sea to sea,
How oft the Patriot banners rose or fell,
Still honored in defeat as victory !
For that sad pageant of events to be,
Showed every form of fight by field and flood ;
Slaughter and Ruin, shouting forth their glee,
Beheld, while riding on the tempest-scud,
The waters choked with slain, the earth bedrenched
with blood !

LI.

Then Zaragoza — blighted be the tongue
That names thy name without the honor due !
For never hath the harp of minstrel rung,
Of faith so felly proved, so firmly true !
Mine, sap, and bomb, thy shattered ruins knew ;
Each art of war's extremity had room,
Twice from thy half-sacked streets the foe withdrew,
And when at length stern Fate decreed thy doom,
They won not Zaragoza, but her children's bloody tomb

LII.

Yet raise thy head, sad City ! Though in chains,
Enthralled thou canst not be ! Arise and claim
Reverence from every heart where Freedom reigns
For what thou worshippest ! — thy sainted Dame,
She of the Column, honored be her name,
By all, whate'er their creed, who honor love !
And like the sacred relics of the flame,
That gave some martyr to the blest above,
To every loyal heart may thy sad embers prove !

LIII.

Nor thine alone such wreck ! Gerona fair !
Faithful to death, thy heroes should be sung,
Manning the towers, while o'er their heads the air
Swart as the smoke from raging furnace hung ;
Now thicker darkening where the mine was sprung
Now briefly lightened by the cannon's flare,
Now arched with fire-sparks as the bomb was flung
And reddening now with conflagration's glare,
While by the fatal light the foes for storm prepare

LIV.

While all around was danger, strife, and fear,
While the earth shook, and darkened was the sky,
And wide Destruction stunned the listening ear,
Appalled the heart, and stupified the eye, —
Afar was heard that thrice-repeated cry,
In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite,
Whene'er her soul is up and pulse beats high,
Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,
And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be light,

LV.

Don Roderick turned him as the shout grew loud —
A varied scene the changeful vision showed,
For where the ocean mingled with the cloud,
A gallant navy stemmed the billows broad.
From mast and stern St. George's symbol flowed,
Blent with the silver cross to Scotland dear;
Mottling the sea their landward barges rowed,
And flashed the sun on bayonet, brand, and spear,
And the wild beach returned the seaman's jovial cheer

LVI.

It was a dread, yet spirit-stirring sight.
The billows foamed beneath a thousand oars,
Fast as they land the red-cross ranks unite,
Legions on legions brightening all the shores.
Then banners rise, and cannon-signal roars,
Then peals the warlike thunder of the drum,
Thrills the loud fife, the trumpet-flourish pours,
And patriot hopes awake, and doubts are dumb,
For 'bold in Freedom's cause, the bands of Ocean come

LVII

A various host they came — whose ranks display
Each mode in which the warrior meets the fight ;
The deep battallion locks its firm array,
And meditates his aim the marksman light ;
Far glance the lines of sabres flashing bright,
Where mounted squadrons shake the echoing mead,
Lacks not artillery breathing flame and night,
Nor the fleet ordnance whirled by rapid steed
That rivals lightning's flash in ruin and in speed.

LVIII.

A various host — from kindred realms they came,
Brethren in arms, but rivals in renown —
For yon fair bands shall merry England claim,
And with their deeds of valor deck her crown.
Hers their bold port, and hers their martial frown,
And hers their scorn of death in freedom's cause,
Their eyes of azure, and their locks of brown,
And the blunt speech that bursts without a pause,
And free-born thoughts, which league the Soldier with
the Laws.

LIX.

And O ! loved warriors of the Minstrel's land !
Yonder your bonnets nod, your tartans wave !
The rugged form may mark the mountain band,
And harsher features, and a mien more grave ;
But ne'er in battle-field throbb'd heart so brave
As that which beats beneath the Scottish plaid,
And when the pibroch bids the battle rave,
And level for the charge your arms are laid,
Where lives the desperate foe, that for such onset staid

LX.

Hark! from yon stately ranks what laughter rings,
Mingling wild mirth with war's stern minstrelsy,
His jest while each blithe comrade round him flings,
And moves to death with military glee:
Boast, Erin, boast them! tameless, frank, and free,
In kindness warm, and fierce in danger known,
Rough Nature's children, humorous as she:
And HE, yon Chieftain — strike the proudest tone
Of thy bold harp, green Isle! — the Hero is thine own.

LXI.

Now on the scene Vimeira should be shown;
On Talavera's fight should Roderick gaze,
And hear Corunna wail her battle won,
And see Busaco's crest with light'ning blaze: —
But shall fond fable mix with heroes' praise?
Hath Fiction's stage for Truth's long triumphs room?
And dare her wild-flowers mingle with the bays,
That claim a long eternity to bloom
Around the warrior's crest, and o'er the warrior's tomb.

LXII.

Or may I give adventurous Fancy scope,
And stretch a bold hand to the awful veil
That hides futurity from anxious hope,
Bidding beyond it scenes of glory hail,
And painting Europe rousing at the tale
Of Spain's invaders from her confines hurled,
While kindling Nations buckle on their mail,
And Fame, with clarion-blast and wings unfurled,
To freedom and revenge awakes an injured World.

LXIII.

O vain, though anxious, is the glance I cast,
Since Fate has marked futurity her own: —
Yet Fate resigns to Worth the glorious past,
The deeds recorded and the laurels won.
Then, though the Vault of Destiny be gone,
King, Prelate, all the phantasms of my brain,
Melted away like mist-wreaths in the sun,
Yet grant for faith, for valor, and for Spain,
One note of pride and fire, a Patriot's parting strain.



CONCLUSION.

I.

“Who shall command Estrella’s mountain-tide
Back to the source, when tempest-chafed, to hie?
Who, when Gascogne’s vexed gulf is raging wide,
Shall hush it as a nurse her infant’s cry?
His magic power let such vain boaster try,
And when the torrent shall his voice obey,
And Biscay’s whirlwinds list his lullaby,
Let him stand forth and bar mine eagles’ way,
And they shall heed his voice, and at his bidding stay

“Else, ne’er to stoop, till high on Lisbon’s towers
They close their wings, the symbol of our yoke,
And their own sea hath whelmed yon red-cross
Power!” —

Thus, on the summit of Alverca’s rock,
To Marshal, Duke, and Peer, Gaul’s leader spoke.
While downward on the land his legions press,
Before them it was rich with vine and flock,
And smiled like Eden in her summer dress; —
Behind their wasteful march, a reeking wilderness.

III

And shall the boastful Chief maintain his word,
 Though Heaven hath heard the wailings of the land,
 Though Lusitania whet her vengeful sword,
 Though Briton arm, and WELLINGTON command
 No: grim Busaco's iron ridge shall stand
 An adamantine barrier to his force!
 And from its base shall wheel his shattered band,
 As from the unshaken rock the torrent hoarse
 Bears off its broken waves, and seeks a devious course.

IV.

Yet not because Alcoba's mountain-hawk
 Hath on his best and bravest made her food,
 In numbers confident, yon Chief shall baulk
 His Lord's imperial thirst for spoil and blood:
 For full in view the promised conquest stood,
 And Lisbon's matrons, from their walls, might sum
 The myriads that had half the world subdued,
 And hear the distant thunders of the drum,
 That bids the band of France to storm and havoc come

V.

Four moons have heard these thunders idly rolled,
 Have seen these wistful myriads eye their prey,
 As famished wolves survey a guarded fold —
 But in the middle path, a Lion lay!
 At length they move — but not to battle-fray,
 Nor blaze yon fires where meets the manly fight;
 Beacons of infamy, they light the way,
 Where cowardice and cruelty unite,
 To damn with double shame their ignominious flight.

VI

O triumph for the Fiends of Lust and Wrath!
 Ne'er to be told, yet ne'er to be forgot,
 What wanton horrors marked their wrackful path!
 The peasant butchered in his ruined cot,
 The hoary priest even at the altar shot,
 Childhood and age given o'er to sword and flame,
 Woman to infamy; no crime forgot,
 By which inventive demons might proclaim
 Immortal hate to Man, and scorn of God's great name!

VII.

The rudest sentinel, in Britain born,
 With horror paused to view the havoc done,
 Gave his poor crust to feed some wretch forlorn,
 Wiped his stern eye, then fiercer grasped his gun,
 Nor with less zeal shall Britain's peaceful son
 Exult the debt of sympathy to pay;
 Riches nor poverty the tax shall shun,
 Nor prince nor peer, the wealthy nor the gay,
 Nor the poor peasant's mite, nor bard's more worthless
 lay.

VIII.

But thou — unforgotten wilt thou yield to Fate,
 Minion of Fortune, now miscalled in vain!
 Can vantage-ground no confidence create,
 Marcella's pass, nor Guarda's mountain chain?
 Vain-glorious Fugitive? yet turn again!
 Behold, where named by some Prophetic Seer,
 Flows Honor's Fountain, as fore-doomed the stain
 From thy dishonored name and arms to clear —
 Fallen Child of Fortune turn, redeem her favor here

IX.

Yet, ere thou turn'st, collect each distant aid :
Those chief that never heard the Lion roar !
Within whose souls lives not a trace portrayed
Of Talavera, or Mondego's shore !
Marshal each band thou hast, and summon more ;
Of war's fell stratagems exhaust the whole ;
Rank upon rank, squadron on squadron pour,
Legion on legion on thy foeman roll,
And weary out his arm — thou canst not quell his soul.

X

O vainly gleams with steel Agueda's shore,
Vainly thy squadrons hide Assuava's plain,
And front thy flying thunders as they roar,
With frantic charge and tenfold odds, in vain !
And what avails thee that, for Cameron slain,
Wild from his plaided ranks the yell was given —
Vengeance and grief gave mountain rage the rein,
And, at the bloody spear-point headlong driven,
Thy Despot's giant guards fled like the rack of heaven.

XI

Go, baffled Boaster ! teach thy haughty mood
To plead at thine imperious master's throne !
Say, thou hast left his legions in their blood,
Deceived his hopes, and frustrated thine own ;
Say, that thine utmost skill and valor shown,
By British skill and valor were outvied ;
Last say, thy conqueror was WELLINGTON !
And if he chafe, be his own fortune tried —
God and our cause to 'friend, the venture we'll abide.

XII.

But ye, ye heroes of that well-fought day
How shall a bard, unknowing and unknown,
His meed to each victorious leader pay,
Or bind on every brow the laurels won?
Yet fain my harp would wake its boldest tone,
O'er the wide sea to hail CADOGAN brave;
And he, perchance, the minstrel note might own,
Mindful of meeting brief that Fortune gave
Mid yon far western isles, that hear the Atlantic rave.

XIII.

Yes, hard the task, when Britons wield the sword,
To give each chief and every field its fame:
Hark! Albuera thunders BERESFORD,
And red Barossa shouts for dauntless GREME!
O for a verse of tumult and of flame,
Bold as the bursting of their cannon sound,
To bid the world re-echo to their fame!
For never, upon gory battle-ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath were braver victors crowned!

XIV.

O who shall grudge him Albuera's bays,
Who brought a race degenerate to the field,
Roused them to emulate their fathers' praise,
Tempered their headlong rage, their courage steeled,
And raised fair Lusitania's fallen shield,
And gave new edge to Lusitania's sword,
And taught her sons forgotten arms to wield —
Shivered my harp, and burst its every chord,
If it forget thy worth, victorious BERESFORD

XV.

Not on that bloody field of battle won,
 Though Gaul's proud legions rolled like mist away,
 Was his self-devoted valor shown, —
 He gaged but life on that illustrious day ;
 But when he toiled those squadrons to array,
 Who fought like Britons in the bloody game,
 Sharper than Polish pipe or assagay,
 He braved the shafts of censure and of shame,
 And, dearer far than life, he pledged a soldier's fame

XVI.

Nor be his praise o'erpassed who strove to hide
 Beneath the warrior's vest affection's wound,
 Whose wish, Heaven for his country's weal denied ;
 Danger and fate he sought, but glory found.
 From clime to clime, where'er war's trumpets sound,
 The wanderer went ; yet, Caledonia ! still
 Thine was his thought in march and tented ground ;
 He dreamed 'mid Alpine cliffs of Athole's hill,
 And heard in Ebro's roar his Lyndoch's lovely rill.

XVII

O hero of a race renowned of old,
 Whose war-cry oft has waked the battle-swell,
 Since first distinguished in the onset bold,
 Wild sounding when the Roman rampart fell !
 By Wallace' side it rung the Southron's knell,
 Alderne, Kilsythe, and Tibber owned its fame,
 Tummell's rude pass can of its terrors tell,
 But ne'er from prouder field arose the name,
 Than when wild Ronda learned the conquering shout
 of GRÈME !

XVIII.

But all too long through seas unknown and dark,
(With Spenser's parable I close my tale,)
By shoal and rock hath steered my venturous bark
And landward now I drive before the gale,
And now the blue and distant shore I hail,
And nearer now I see the port expand,
And now I gladly furl my weary sail,
And, as the prow-light touches on the strand,
I strike my red-cross flag, and bind my skiff to land.



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